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WITH FOUR-PAGE **SIXPENCE.**
SUPPLEMENT.

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AMAZONS IN THE CZAR'S DOMINIONS: THE WOMEN WARRIORS OF TRANS-BAIKALIA.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKHOEK FROM AN ILLUSTRATION IN "THE TRAVELS IN THE EAST OF NICHOLAS II.," BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CONSTABLE.

There has been talk of raising a corps of Russian Amazons, and Marie Petrovna, a skilled shot and horsemanship, who was once a clerk at Irkutsk, has demanded to be enrolled as a Cossack. She claims proficiency in Cossack drill. Women warriors already exist among the Trans-Baikal tribes.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I am grateful to a correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* for a delightful vagary of the party mind. He complains of the "unjustifiable prejudice" against the opponents of the Chinese Labour Ordinance in the Transvaal. They denounce the Ordinance as "slavery," and "unjustifiable prejudice" urges that, taking the ordinary meaning of this word, it is grossly misapplied. Follows this lucid exposition of "slavery," according to the correspondent of the *Westminster*: "The word 'slavery' has odious associations, caused by reminiscences of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' the poems of Longfellow against slavery, and the like. But to those who understand slavery to mean the life of a labourer excluded from the enjoyment of political privileges, and from the possibilities of acquiring them, and leading a life of confinement and constraint, subject to peculiar laws restraining his personal liberty, the word does not seem either improper or inapt." From this it appears that although "slavery" has these "odious associations," it is "unjustifiable prejudice" to object to the use of the word in associations which are absolutely different. It is cheerfully held to be proper and apt when applied to the status of a labourer who is not sold, but makes a voluntary contract for wages twelve times greater than he is now earning, for work under the most careful inspection, social and medical, and for his return home at the end of his term with his pocket full of money.

The importation of Chinese labour into the Transvaal may be right or wrong; that is not the point. No Chinaman is forced to go there; and to say that when he enters into the contract which debars him from citizenship he becomes a "slave," is absurd. As for the restraints on his liberty, the party mind is a little incoherent, for it is sometimes argued that to send him home will be a grievous wrong, because his home cannot be so comfortable as his African quarters. I dare say we shall have heartbreaking pictures of the poor "slave" disconsolately returning to his native village, very much better off than his neighbours, but longing for the joys of the compound where he was not allowed to buy land or exercise a vote. Although the compound has not the "odious associations" of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it is "slavery" to put him there of his own free will, and although the sight of one's native land is supposed by misguided poets to assuage the sorrows of exile, it will be "slavery" to send John Chinaman home again. Beautiful party mind! Shocking prejudice which dwells upon these trivial discrepancies! And remember that Christian sentiment has been invoked: that the Chinese labourer, restored to his own roof-tree in the Flowery Land with his comfortable savings, will be a living witness to our indifference to the dictates of humanity!

Another gem. The Nonconformist divine who was presented at Court by the Bishop of London is asked whether the Puritan preachers would have accepted an invitation from Archbishop Laud to go with him into the presence of Charles. Observe the exquisite historical sense which mixes up the monarchy of Charles I. with the monarchy of Edward VII., and the ecclesiastical polity of Laud with that of a modern prelate. But the party mind works like that. It has the conviction that for a Nonconformist divine to be on friendly terms with the Bishop of London is an insult to Puritanism. From an insult to Puritanism it is a very short way to impiety. So the Nonconformist divine will presently discover that he, too, has outraged Christian sentiment. I learn from one of his critics that his conduct must be reprobated by "all honest men." Thus, by going to Court with the Bishop, he has struck a blow at the foundations of society. It is rumoured that he has an opinion of his own about the official robes of his choir. This points to sacerdotalism and the Scarlet Woman. What will be the end of this Nonconformist divine I shudder to think. And the worst sign of all is that while "honest men" are uprising in their wrath, he maintains iniquitous silence, for all the world as if he believed in the wisdom of not answering the party mind according to its folly.

Perhaps he is meditating flight. If so, let me commend to him the scheme of Mr. Foster Grave, who has chartered a barque for a voyage of adventure. Mr. Grave has already been in several exciting enterprises, "gun-running" and the like, and he proposes to take men of spirit, under the command of a captain who ran the blockade in the American Civil War fourteen times, on a cruise among crocodiles up the Nile, and torpedoes at Port Arthur. "I should not be at all surprised," says he, "if we wound up at Port Arthur with a 'front seat' at all the bombardments." This seat will be rather warm; but so is the present situation of the Nonconformist divine. On the whole, it may be cooler between Togo and Makaroff. There is a passage in Mr. Grave's circular which has a business-like interest. "We also mean to carry a cargo to dispose of at the most favourable opportunities. For this part of the undertaking I want a man who is willing to come into the scheme to share the profits. He can,

if he likes, come with the ship and look after his own interests, so combining sport with business."

What a chance for exporting choice specimens of the party mind! Western curios for the Japanese market! When the barque is manoeuvring for the best view of a bombardment, and the shells of Russ and Jap are hurtling through the rigging, the Nonconformist divine, in a comfortable chair, might read aloud to his companions. "You call this hot," he might say; "but just listen to what was written about me before I left home. I daresay you have wondered during the voyage why I joined this expedition. Well, I am taking a holiday from 'all honest men.' I have run away from Charles I., and Archbishop Laud, and our Puritan forefathers. What does our blockade-running commander say? That he will take us alongside Togo's flag-ship to wish him luck, and then run into Port Arthur, all among the mines, to tell Makaroff to buck up? By all means. I call this adventure perfect balm for a harassed spirit." Or he might sit in his cabin with some choice pocket-edition of FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyām," and copy out this quatrain for censors in England—

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay;
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd: "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

Does woman need balm? From a lecture by a feminine censor, I learn that "in gaining emancipation, women have lost refinement and grace." The statement paralyses by its breadth. What! is all grace departed? Are there no refined women? I was in a ball-room lately, where the company danced the "cake-walk," and one amazing pair met, or rather smote the eye. The lady was a head and shoulders taller than her partner, and as they pranced, he lay back cuddled in her arm, like a baby. It was not a pleasing sight. Perhaps the lecturer saw it, and went home straightway to write down that dictum that grace and refinement have deserted her sex. But other authorities take a more comforting view. Mrs. Howarth, writing in the *Pall Mall Magazine* on the "Vagaries of the Veil," is quite soothing. "Even the pose of the early Victorian period is noticeable now among women, as well as the veil." No lack of grace and refinement, I believe, in the Early Victorian ladies, who were certainly not emancipated. "The shrinkingly delicate woman, who is a mass of sentiment, needs the enveloping folds of a voluminous veil to separate her from the rude world." So there is a shrinking delicacy still! Mrs. Howarth seems to hint that it may be a pose to match the veil; but it needs no little grace, surely, to manage that.

To a cold professional eye the long veil now fashionable, and "thrown back with an engaging air of coquetry," is due to "the advent of the bottle-neck shoulder." Being no expert, I gasp at this technical expression. Gently sloping shoulder is a harmony; "bottle-neck" is brutal. Besides, how can "bottle-necks" come in when women are broadening their shoulders in Mr. Sandow's school? But if fashion says that necks must be bottles, I suppose they will be, and the awful process, quite butchery in its ruthlessness, will be hidden from man, and dismissed by the cold-blooded expert with a gibe. Even Mrs. Howarth can write of grief under a veil in these callous terms: "Sobs that shake the fragile frame are never so effective as when imagination is left to picture the great salt tears that course down the pallid cheeks of the afflicted one, aided by shoulders that tremble convulsively beneath the heavy black veil, which effectively screens the ordinarily ugly signs of woe from a gaping public." What man, however cynical, could cite this to illustrate how woman "recognises the remarkable possibilities of which the veil is capable as aider and abettor of the emotions"?

I am reminded that a lady writes to me: "In that clever novel, 'Where Love Is,' I find the most agreeable man wearing 'a ragged moustache, untouched by wax or tongs, or any adventitious aids of masculine adornment.' Does this mean that men usually wax or curl their moustaches—vain creatures? You laugh at us—oh, yes, you do; although you are sure to say you don't—because we make a fuss about our looks. And I daresay you keep a pair of tongs in your pocket, and heat them at the club fire." Well, I never laugh; it is Mrs. Howarth. (By the way, she insinuates that veils are bad for the complexion, and destroy the eyes. I don't want to frighten anybody; but that is what she says.) But that picture of the tongs and the club fire comes home! Yes; when the clubman is not snoring over the afternoon paper, he is watching his precious tongs in the grate, so as to get exactly the right temperature for curling. Awful scene the other day when a middle-aged gentleman who had dropped asleep, woke suddenly, and in an absent-minded way took up the tongs which were red hot, and—. But I draw a veil (with Mrs. Howarth's permission) over the painful scene, and stifle the sounds (not sobs) that burst from his jaws. The ingenious author of "Where Love Is," I may remark, is clean-shaven, and curls his upper lip. So what can he know about moustaches?

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

(SEE SUPPLEMENT.)

The question which is puzzling everyone at the present time is, Where will the Japanese land, and what will be their plan of campaign? Opinion is mainly divided into a couple of camps, in one of which Newchwang is favoured as the port of disembarkation, while the other regards more favourably some port on the eastern coast of Manchuria. There are many reasons why Newchwang, or, as it is marked in many maps, Ying-Kau, should be chosen as the base of operations. But it is obvious that these reasons being as well known to the Russians as to the Japanese, the former should make their preparations accordingly. On the other hand, the fact that Japan has secured the mastery afloat will enable her to choose her own landing-place, or even to threaten more than one spot at the same time. In spite of reports to the contrary, it is quite clear that at the moment of writing there is not a single Japanese soldier in Manchuria. There has been, however, for several days past increased activity to the north of Ping-Yang, Anju has been occupied, and troops have been landed in increasing numbers at Chi-nam-po. The belief which obtains in Russia that Admiral Togo's bombardments coincide with the arrival of troops in the Tat-Tung River may have some foundation; but at present there are no substantial grounds for supposing that the synchronising of these operations is anything more than a coincidence.

The latest bombardment took place on March 22. The port having been previously reconnoitred by destroyers. What amount of mischief resulted remains a matter of surmise. The Japanese Admiral, in his report, assumes that some considerable damage was done. Admiral Alexeieff, however, declares that the casualties on shore were few, and that not a single building was destroyed. It is quite possible that these apparently conflicting accounts may be reconciled if we conclude, as most likely, that it was the crowded harbour and the ships which formed the target of the Japanese gunners rather than the forts and the town. This aspect would also explain why the Russian fleet left the inner harbour and yet made no real attempt to engage the enemy. Togo's force is described as consisting of six battle-ships, six armoured cruisers, six smaller cruisers, and eight destroyers, divided into two squadrons; while the vessels under Makaroff which came out of harbour comprised five battle-ships, four cruisers, and an unnamed number of destroyers. The preponderance was on the side of the Japanese; but since they were divided there might have been an opportunity for attacking one portion. This, however, did not happen, and the Japanese Admiral remarks that he believes the enemy was trying to draw his ships nearer to the forts. Once more he was able to assure his Government that his ships sustained no damage. It would be interesting to know the names of the Russian ships which "came out gradually." Presumably, all the battle-ships are still effective, with the exception of the *Tsarevitch* and *Retvisan*, but only four cruisers are mentioned, whereas, six were still fit for action a few days previously. In this connection may be mentioned the report that the armoured cruiser *Bayan* has been destroyed by one of the mines which the Japanese left off the harbour some short time ago.

There are one or two sentences in Admiral Togo's report which deserve special attention in connection with the expected landing of troops. He says "the combined fleet acted according to programme." This expression might be held to indicate that the squadron recently off Vladivostok had now been withdrawn. It might also, and indeed probably does, signify that a programme which includes military as well as naval movements is being carried out. It has already been mentioned that the Russians assume that the bombardments synchronise with the disembarkation of troops in Korea, but on this particular occasion it may be that the attack by the fleet was intended to cover the passage of Japanese transports into the Gulf of Pechili. Upwards of seventy thousand Japanese troops are reported to have left Sasebo and other ports at the western end of the inland sea during the last few days, but no news has been received of their arrival at any destination. Where is this army bound for? The movements of the Russians lead to the belief that they are of opinion that some port in the Gulf of Pechili is its objective. At all events, the Russian force holding the Yalu line is now returned as at less than ten thousand men. These are said to be distributed; about five hundred, mostly Cossacks, pushed into Korea, a thousand more on the Korean side of the Yalu, and between seven and eight thousand holding the river positions. Unless this is altogether an under-estimation, it can hardly be that a decisive battle is expected in this quarter. It will be well to remember, however, that when operating from Korea, Japan has her line of communications absolutely safe. She is pushing on the construction of the railway, and will soon be in a far better position to bring up supplies and reinforcements to the point of contact than will her enemy operating at a greater distance from the nearest base, on the Manchurian Railway.

Most interesting of all the news of the week is that from a naval correspondent of the *Times*, who, cruising off Port Arthur, sighted a Russian squadron thirty miles south-west of that port. The distance across the Straits of Chi-Li is not much more than sixty miles, and this would indicate that the Russians felt themselves strong enough to cruise in the middle of the passage. This squadron was seen by the *Times*' correspondent on Saturday morning last, and on the following day he saw the Japanese squadron some twenty miles south-east of Port Arthur, slowly moving away from the port. From Russian sources we know that the Japanese had made an attempt to block up the port on Sunday morning, and it must have been merely a matter of chance that the two flotillas did not meet during the Russian reconnaissance. The fact that the Russian fleet is at sea cannot fail to modify all speculations.

PARLIAMENT.

The outbreak of plague at Johannesburg prompted Mr. Lyttelton to state that no Chinese coolies would be imported into the colony without the most careful medical inspection before embarkation and on arrival. Moreover, except upon medical assurance that the introduction of Asiatic labour was free from risk, no action would be taken under the Ordinance. Mr. Lloyd-George and Sir Robert Reid attributed everything wrong in South Africa to the calamitous influence of Lord Milner. The Colonial Secretary admitted that the predictions of prosperity for the Transvaal had not yet been fulfilled, although the colony even now was quite able to meet its obligations. When additional labour was obtained, the output of the mines would be increased from fourteen millions a year to twenty-five or thirty. He paid a high tribute to the zeal and unselfish devotion of Lord Milner. As for the complaints of the Opposition about the garrison in South Africa, Mr. Lyttelton said that the retention of 21,000 men there was partly due to the necessity of having men in that part of the world who would be available for service in India.

Mr. Balfour, comforting Sir Carne Rasch, admitted that speeches in the House were too long, notably his own and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's. He suggested that the unofficial members should shorten their speeches, so as to give other members opportunities of unfolding their views. This did not seem to go to the root of the difficulty.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Though it was revived four years ago at the Criterion, the farcical romance with which Captain Marshall entertained Court Theatre audiences in '98 still retains a sufficient modicum of whimsicality to delight Mr. Frohman's patrons at the Duke of York's till Mr. Carton's new comedy is ready. The central idea, it will be remembered, of this happy fantasy, "His Excellency the Governor," is that once during a hundred years the aloe blossoms in a certain tropical island, and its exhalations create a universal atmosphere of love; while the humours of the piece, apart from the details of a sham native insurrection, depend on the unblushing impudence of a globe-trotting music-hall star and her attempts to capture an inquisitive M.P., or on the rivalry of three State officials, among them a mournful private secretary, who seek to win the favour of the politician's "creamy English" daughter. The present cast is not quite so fortunate as that at the Criterion, though, of course, Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Dion Boucicault are still inimitable as the impudent Stella and the pompous secretary. Mr. H. B. Irving has more authority in the title rôle but less suavity than Mr. Bourchier, and Miss Lily Grundy, while a very charming ingénue, is not Miss Gertrude Elliott.

"HIGH JINKS," AT THE EMPIRE.

The title which the Empire management has given to its new ballet, that of "High Jinks," is altogether appropriate. Rarely has a series of superb pictures been supported by more sparkling music or more vivacious movements. From the very opening of the ballet, or rather divertissement, the audience has its fill of gorgeous tints and lively dancing where in the great hall of Huntleigh Towers a vast crowd of huntsmen, golfers, and other lovers of sport assembles and revels madly. And when, in a riding-habit, that most perfect and fairy-like of dancers, Adeline Genée, appears to start the first of many exquisite evolutions, the spectator's cup of joy should really run over, for never has Genée been in better "form." Broad fun obtains proper scope in a pantomimic imitation of the servants' drill of "She Stoops to Conquer"; and it would be hard to find anywhere on the London stage fanciful costumes more beautiful or more costly than those adorning an interpolated "Faust" burlesque, in which Nuremberg maidens, students, and soldiers furnish a dazzling harmony of colour. There are other admirable "turns."

THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT.

England and France are now understood to have come to a verbal agreement on various points at issue between them, such agreement to form the basis of a definite treaty, yet to be drawn up. It is said that the two Powers have come to an understanding regarding the long-voiced question of the Newfoundland Fisheries. France will formally renounce her territorial rights on the "French shore" and her police rights in Newfoundland waters. In exchange she is to receive a sum of about £120,000. French and English fishermen are to have the same rights of fishing and of catching bait. A strip of territory on the Sokoto frontier is also to be ceded to France. An exchange of Notes is contemplated dealing with Morocco, Egypt, and Siam, and although no formal settlement will be attempted, points likely to cause friction will be eliminated.

A good many Lancashire men will learn with regret that a movement has been started on the New York Stock Exchange to rehabilitate Mr. Sully, whose "corner" collapsed a few days ago. It is generally admitted that a new proposal, based on data now being collected, will shortly be presented to the creditors. This will be officially endorsed by the receivers when two-thirds of the creditors have agreed to accept the terms, and will then be announced in detail. The cotton house of McFadden and Brother are said to be willing to purchase 14,000 bales of "spot" cotton, valued at £250,000, which are among the assets of the Sully firm.

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A Conspiracy Under the Terror. Paul Gaulot. Translated by Charles Laroche, M.A. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

UNAUTHORISED REPRESENTATION.

As it has been ascertained that many unauthorised persons are in the habit of claiming to represent THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the Editor desires that applications made in his name shall not be entertained unless the applicant presents an official card signed by the Editor himself or one of the Directors.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

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SPRING TRAIN ALTERATIONS.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AND THE LAW SOCIETY.

King Edward honoured the Incorporated Law Society on March 23, when his Majesty, accompanied by the Queen and Princess Victoria, visited the institute in Chancery Lane, and opened the splendid new wing which has just been completed. Their Majesties were received in the entrance-hall by the Lord Chancellor, with whom were Mr. J. E. Grayhill, President of the Law Society, and Mr. Rawle, the Vice-President. When the officials and various members of Council had been presented to the King and Queen, their Majesties were escorted to the new Common Room, where a great body of lawyers was assembled. The royal visitors were received with hearty cheers, and on ascending a dais Mr. Grayhill immediately proceeded to read the Address to the King, wherein he set forth the rise and progress of the Society since King William IV. granted its charter, renewed by Queen Victoria in 1845, and since amplified. The King, in his reply, said it gave him great pleasure to inaugurate the fine wing which the Law Society had added to their hall. He looked upon these improvements as an assurance of the Society's determination to meet fully the responsibilities laid upon them by Statutes and Royal Charters. He considered that the new accommodation would do much to facilitate legal education. He took the greatest interest in the advancement of the legal profession, and he was glad to see that the Society had been able to find its additional accommodation in so central a position and so close to the Royal Courts of Justice. The King formally declared the new wing open, and then was conducted on a tour of inspection through the buildings. The royal visitors were particularly interested in the treasures of the library, especially the Coverdale Bible.

THE ALEXANDRA TRUST.

Sir Dighton Probyn, the Hon. Sidney Greville, and Colonel C. Frederick, visited the dining-rooms of the Alexandra Trust in the City Road on the afternoon of March 24. The ordinary business of the establishment

The Queen and Princess Victoria, accompanied by the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, the Earl and Countess de Grey,

was going on at the time of the visit, and her Majesty went to the pay-box and took tickets for all the party. The Queen first inspected the ground-floor, where the boys and men were dining, and then went to the women's dining-rooms above. In the manager's

AN ENGLEHEART MINIATURE, BOUGHT BY MESSRS. DUVEEN FOR £435.

room, on the top floor, the ordinary dinner of the house was served to the royal party.

LORD MILNER.

A renewal of the attacks on Lord Milner can have little novelty for him. It is not yet two years since peace was made in South Africa, and Lord Milner's assailants talk as if his policy had failed at every point. The Transvaal has not yet entered upon an era of abounding prosperity; therefore it is doomed to everlasting chaos and insolvency. The absurdity of this outcry is clear enough when it is reflected that a change of Ministry at home would mean no material change of policy. It would be dangerous to recall Lord Milner; and any attempt to reverse his policy might have the effect of reminding certain politicians that the principle of passive resistance can be extended to a British colony. This consideration would probably check the zeal of a new broom at the Colonial Office, although it has been solemnly announced that the plague on the Rand is an "interposition of Providence," designed to open our eyes to the wickedness of Lord Milner.

THE HAWKINS SALE. The sale of the Hawkins collection of old French snuff-boxes, miniatures, and bijouterie was made notable by the high prices obtained in several instances. The chief of the "star lots" beloved



THE QUEEN.



PRINCESS VICTORIA.



THE KING.

ROYAL PORTRAIT-BUSTS FOR THE GRAND CORRIDOR, WINDSOR.

These fine examples of statuary, commissioned and approved by his Majesty, are the work of the Commendatore Pietro Canonica.

THE SALE OF THE HAWKINS COLLECTION: THE RECORD PRICED SNUFF-BOX, AND OTHER TREASURES.



A LOUIS XVI. SNUFF-BOX, BOUGHT BY MR. SELIGMANN FOR £500.



AN ENGLISH SNUFF-BOX, WITH MINIATURE BY ENGLEHEART, BOUGHT BY MR. R. PARTRIDGE FOR £380.



A £6400 SNUFF-BOX: THE HAINELIN EXAMPLE BOUGHT BY MESSRS. DUVEEN.

after an exciting struggle, gave the record sum of £6400, an extraordinary price for a box 3½ in. long, 2½ in. broad, and 1¾ in. deep. Exceptionally high bidding also marked the offer of a Louis XV. oblong box, enamelled and chased with classic friezes at the edges, and signed "George, à Paris," which fetched £1000; a Louis XV. box, with panels of domestic scenes after Chardin, sold for £1550; and a snuff-box with miniature of Marie Leczinska, knocked down for £1460.

FRANCE AND THE POPE. The tenor of the Pope's speech to the members of the Sacred College who congratulated him on his feast-day has caused considerable annoyance in France. His Holiness, speaking of the religious situation in that country, stated that he was deeply affected by the legislative measures which had been adopted against the religious congregations, and added that a Bill was now under consideration, the object of which was to prohibit even authorised religious

orders from teaching. "We deplore," he continued, "and we highly disapprove of such rigours, which are essentially contrary to the idea of liberty, to the inherent rights of the Catholic Church, and to the laws of civilisation itself, which forbid the striking of peaceful citizens." This has drawn an official protest from the French Government, presented to Cardinal Merry del Val by the instruction of M. Delcassé.

THE LATE

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., whose death occurred on March 24, possessed a somewhat unusual combination of gifts, for he was at once journalist and poet. His poetry exercised a wide influence, and stands apart in this—that for English readers it "popularised," if the word be admissible, the spirit and teaching of Buddhism. "The Light of Asia" may not have been a profound exposition of the teaching of the great Oriental visionary, but it came as a revelation to many Westerns, who had not dreamed of its close similarity in many points to the doctrines of Christianity, which formed the theme of his subsequent poem, "The Light of the World." As a brilliant prose-writer he for many years exercised his pen in the service of the *Daily Telegraph*. Edwin Arnold was born at Gravesend on June 10, 1832. He was educated at the King's School, Rochester, and at King's College, London, whence he proceeded with a scholarship to University College, Oxford. At Oxford he won the Newdigate and graduated with honours. A mastership followed, and then he went to India as Principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Poona,

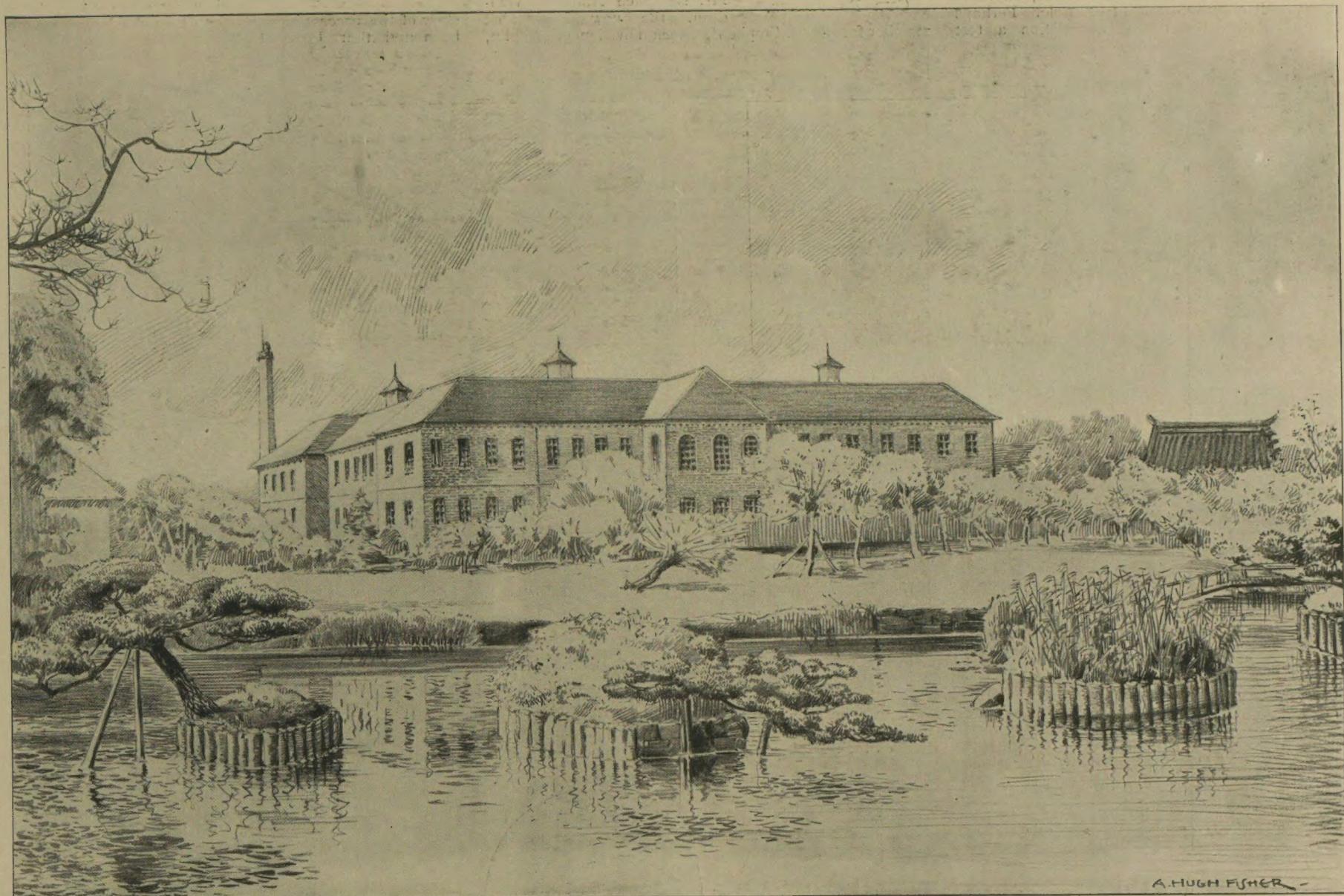
A COSWAY MINIATURE, BOUGHT BY MESSRS. DUVEEN FOR £340.

a position which he filled during the Mutiny. In 1861 he returned to England and embarked on his journalistic career, the modernity of which never extinguished his interest in the immemorial East, and especially in Japan. Sir Edwin's personality was peculiarly charming. Great bodily infirmity attended his later days, but his heroic cheerfulness permitted no slackening of his wonderful mental vigour. To the last he retained his hold on life sustained by the belief that death was only a transition to an ampler existence.

PLAQUE ON THE RAND. Johannesburg has been visited by plague, which has appeared in the Indian locations. The latest returns show a total of ninety-six cases and sixty-one deaths. Three hundred and sixty Indians have been removed from the infected area to a site eight miles distant. The quarter was entirely cleared out by the end of last week, and was then burned. Mr. Lyttelton announced in Parliament that the outbreak seemed to be well in hand. The plague has also appeared at Pretoria, where one Kaffir is certified to have died of the disease.

Major Seely, ex-member for Major Seely, ex-member for the Isle of Wight, is the "man of the moment." He resigned his seat to signify his separation from the policy of the Government, and he is seeking re-election as an independent candidate. Mr. Baring, the Liberal

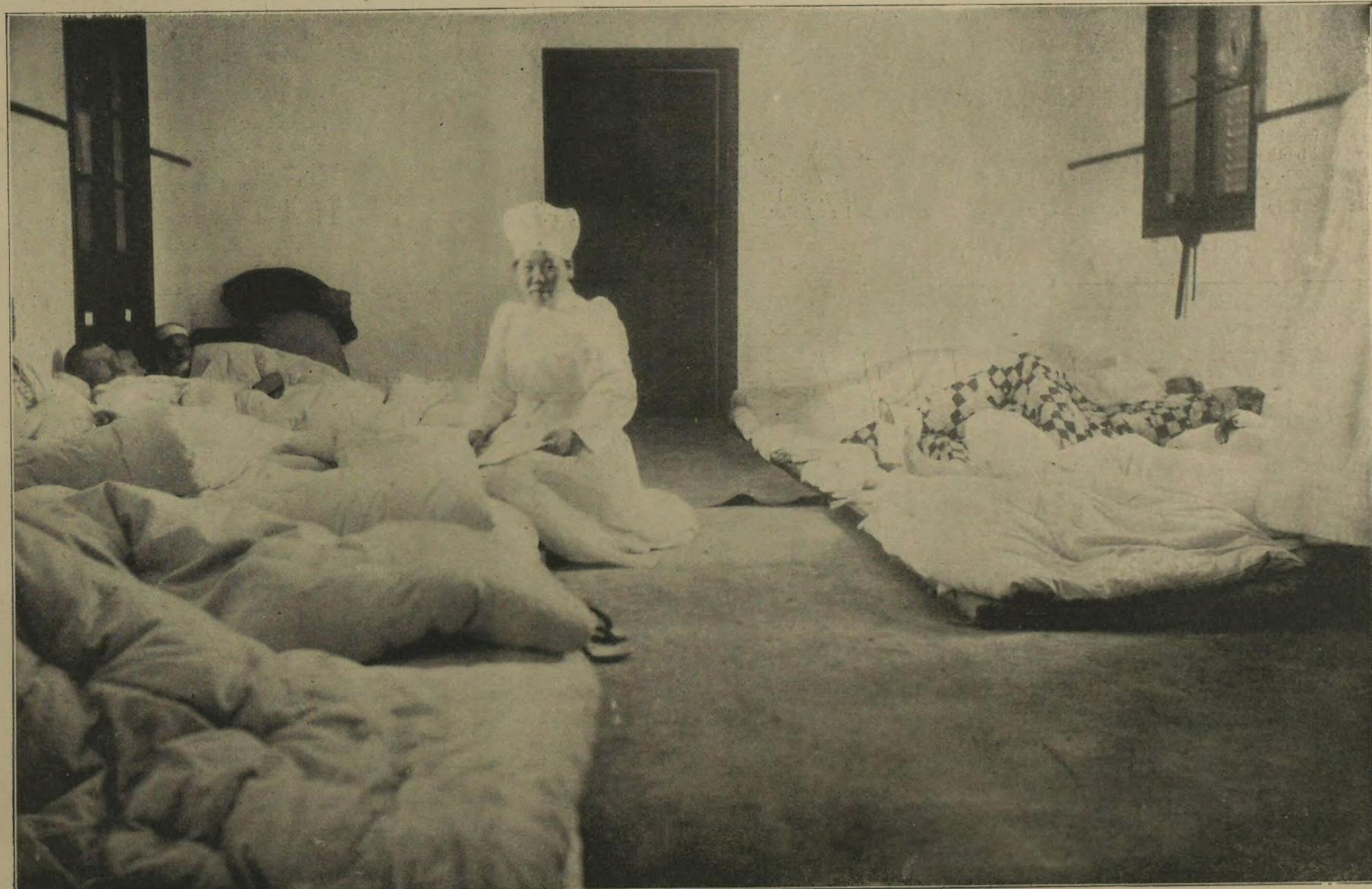
THE MIKADO'S NAVAL ACADEMY AND THE FIRST JAPANESE WAR-HOSPITAL



THE JAPANESE OSBORNE: THE IMPERIAL NAVAL ACADEMY AT TOKIO.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. INGLES.

The Naval Academy of Japan presents a somewhat curious parallel in situation to our own Naval School at Osborne; for while the Isle of Wight institution occupies the grounds of a former royal residence, the Japanese Academy is built on the ancient estate of one of the old feudal lords, Shirakawa Shosho, the Daimyo of Kuwana.



CHARITY TOWARDS FOEMEN: A JAPANESE NURSE ATTENDING RUSSIAN SAILORS WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF CHEMULPO.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY R. L. DUNN, CHEMULPO.

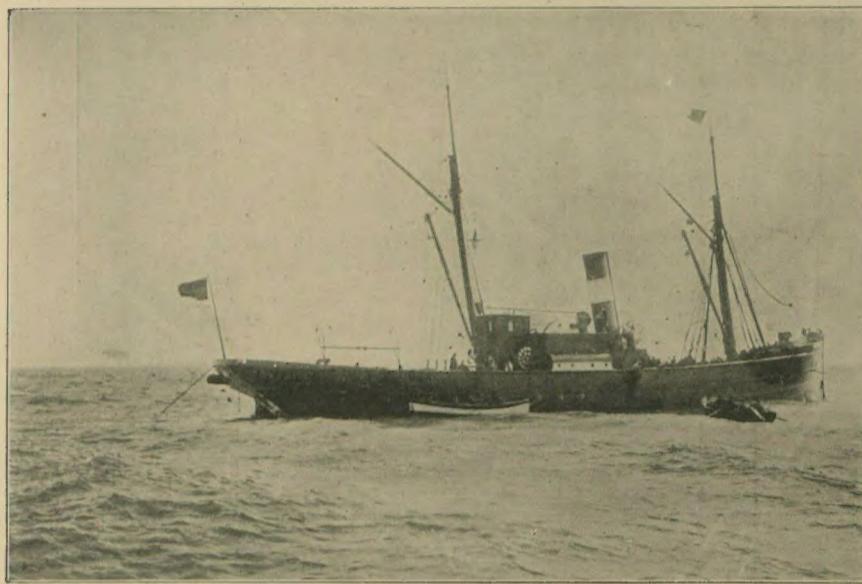
When the battle was fought at Chemulpo on February 9, the wounded Russians were at first received on board the French, British, and Italian ships. As soon as the Japanese had landed, they established a hospital, to which the more dangerously wounded Russians were transferred, and were cared for with the utmost solicitude by Japanese doctors and Japanese Red Cross nurses. In recognition of this, the Russian Government has contributed two hundred pounds to the Japanese Red Cross Society.

candidate for the division, has withdrawn, and Major Seely will apparently receive the undivided Liberal support. It is suggested that other Unionist members, who have voted steadily against their leader, ought to follow Major Seely's straightforward example. Perhaps they are making the Isle of Wight election a test

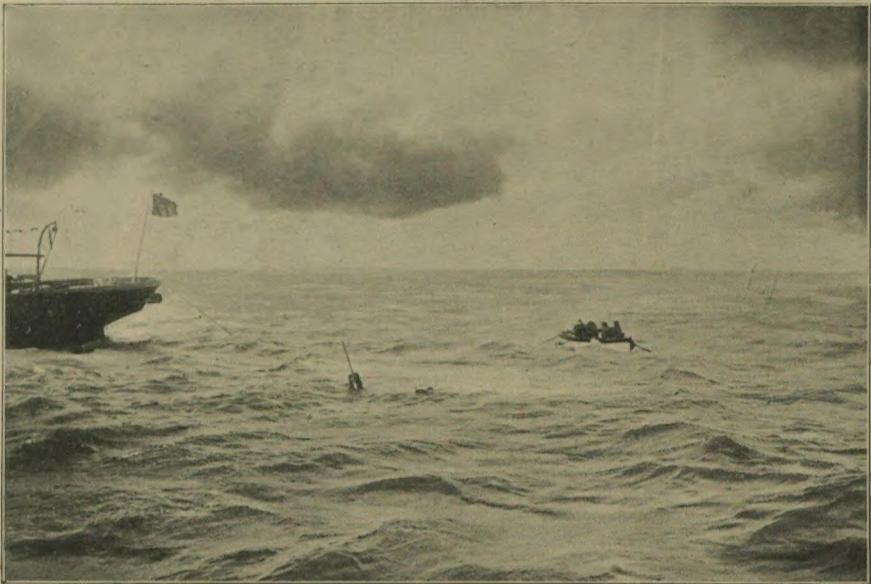
her. It is at Tokio, and nowhere else, that we shall sign conditions of peace."

OUR PORTRAITS. Mr. Laurence Ambrose Waldron, the new Nationalist member for the St. Stephen's Green Division of Dublin,

When negotiations were finally broken off between Russia and Japan, it was generally understood that when the whole story of the proceedings came to be published it would be found that Japan had not erred on the side of



THE "BELOS" GRAPPLING SUBMARINE "A 1" BY A CHAIN HAWSER.



BUOYS MARKING STEM AND STERN OF SUBMARINE, AND A DIVER GOING TO HIS WORK.

THE SALVAGE OF SUBMARINE "A 1": THE SWEDISH SALVAGE-BOAT "BELOS" AT WORK.

The conning-tower of "A 1" was closed by the diver on March 25, and pumping-out operations began.

case. If Major Seely should be returned unopposed, or victorious over a Ministerial candidate, this will be a serious reverse for the Government in one of the most Conservative constituencies in the country. The Unionist Free Food League has decided by a majority to support Major Seely. On the other hand, the Liberal Union Club has decided to support all Unionist candidates without any reference to their opinions on the fiscal question. The only test will be loyalty to the Government. This would prevent Liberal Unionists in the Isle of Wight from voting for Major Seely; but the confusion of parties is now so great that every elector is likely to be a law unto himself.

GENERAL KUROPATKIN AND THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

General Kuropatkin's views on the naval situation in the Far East are distinctly optimistic; his demands, so far as the fleet is concerned, are two. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* reports that the General is stated to have expressed the opinion that the present inferiority of the Russian fleet in the Far East will not last for ever, and that a moment will come when it will be of powerful assistance. "I expect," he cried, "that will be at the end of August, when the new squadron which has been got ready at Kronstadt puts to sea. This fleet will raise the blockade of Port Arthur, and the balance of naval power will be reversed. To every Japanese ship we shall be able to oppose one ship and a half. That will be the end of the little expeditions of the Japanese squadron. We shall then claim of our sailors important and decisive work. At the same moment I hope, with the help of the Almighty, to have driven

enters Parliament for the first time, and has never before contested a seat. Mr. Waldron, who is the fourth son of the late Mr. Laurence Waldron, of Ballybrack, Liberal M.P. for County Tipperary from 1857 to 1865, was born in 1858, and was educated at the Oratory School, Birmingham. He is a member of the Dublin Stock Exchange, a member of the Royal Irish

aggressiveness. Parliamentary papers have now been laid before the Diet at Tokio, and the proposals made by the Japanese Government are regarded as having been far too moderate. The opinion prevails that Japan's patience was such that a peaceful settlement would have been more injurious to her than war. In her last Note, Japan offered to regard Manchuria as outside her political sphere provided that Russia recognised Korea as outside hers. This Russia seems to have taken as a sign of weakness, and as indicating anything rather than a readiness to fight.



Photo. F. P. D'Arcy.

MR. L. A. WALDRON,
NEW M.P. FOR THE ST. STEPHEN'S
GREEN DIVISION OF DUBLIN.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

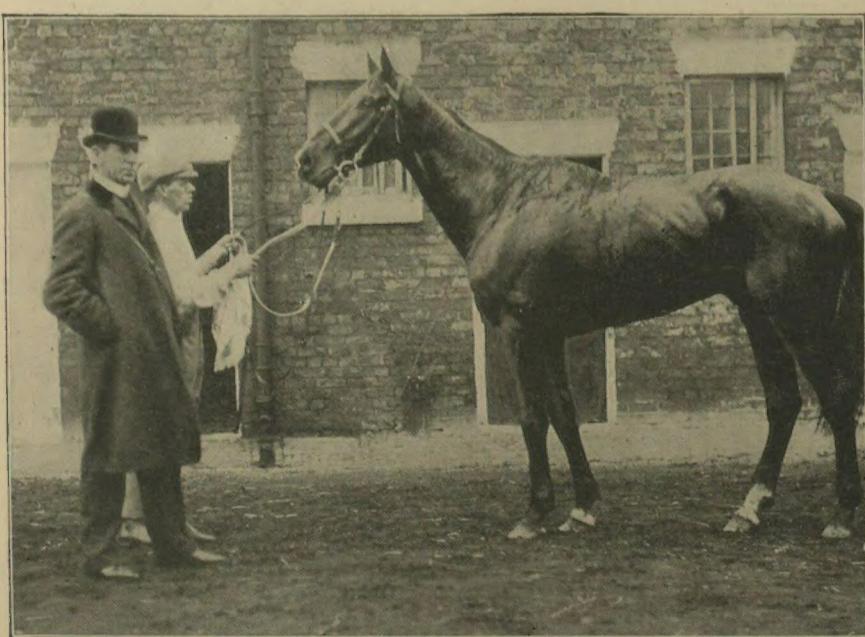
SIR CAVENDISH BOYLE, K.C.M.G.,
NEWLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR
OF MAURITIUS.

Academy, and one of the stockbrokers of the Irish Court of Chancery.

Sir Cavendish Boyle, who vacates the post of Governor of Newfoundland to take up similar duties at Mauritius, was appointed Magistrate in the Leeward Islands in 1879, and has been Colonial Secretary at Bermuda and at Gibraltar, and Government Secretary

The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, which has always been a generous patron of London University, has followed up its recent gift of Professor Foxwell's Library by offering to hand over to the University the whole site of their Institute at New Cross. The Institute, which covers a space of about seven acres, has been a great centre of scientific and technical education. On the same day the University received the intimation of a gift of £100,000 from Sir Donald Currie towards the expenses of the scheme for incorporating University College in the University, and for the furtherance of medical education at University College Hospital. Both gifts have been accepted.

As far as Chiswick Egot the University Boat-race of 1904, rowed at 8 a.m. on March 26, was a splendid struggle for mastery. The Oxford crew, who had improved tremendously during the last few days



THE WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL, 1904: MR. SPENCER GOLLAN'S MOIFAA.
The winner was wrecked some two years ago off the Cape of Good Hope, but saved himself by swimming ashore.

the Japanese out of the continent to the sea. I shall demand two things of the fleet: (1) To sink all the Japanese transports, which will do what they can to take back the scattered regiments; and (2) To cover our own transports laden with Russian troops. We shall go to Japan; remember that! Europe may intervene, may talk, may meddle, may act how and when she pleases. We shall not concern ourselves about

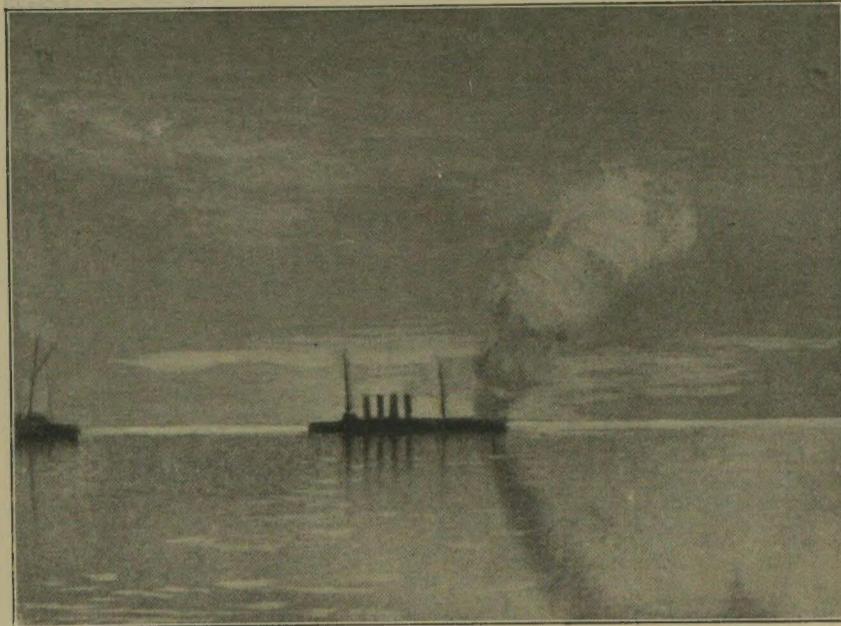
at British Guiana. While holding the last-named appointment, from 1894 to 1901, he administered the Government on several occasions. In 1899 he was the delegate for British Guiana and Bermuda in the reciprocity negotiations with America. Sir Cavendish, who was born on May 29, 1849, is the youngest son of the late Captain Cavendish Spenoer Boyle, 72nd Highlanders, and was educated at the Charterhouse.



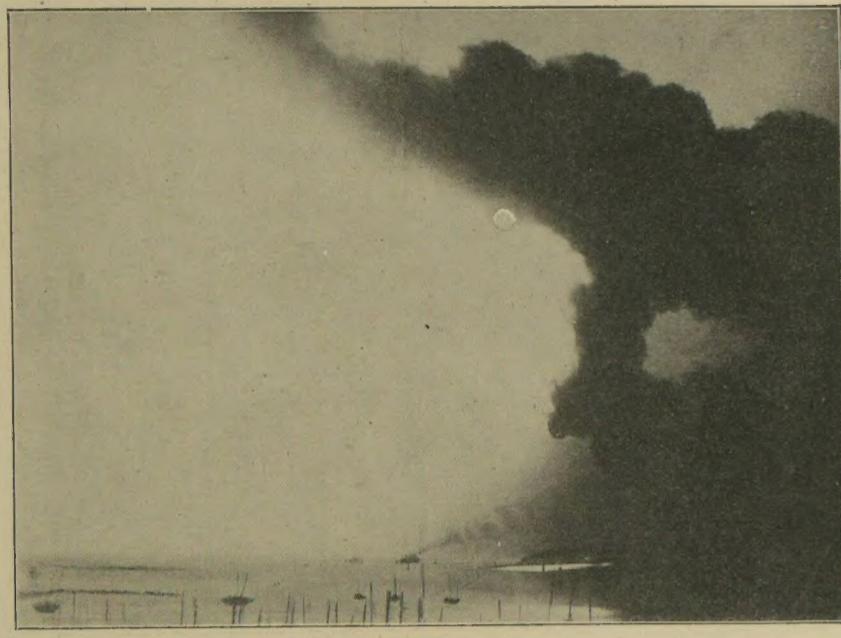
JAPAN'S WELCOME TO THE BRITISH NAVIGATORS OF THE "NISSHIN" AND "KASUGA." Tremendous enthusiasm for Great Britain was displayed during this unique garden-party at Yokohama on Feb. 18. (Our photograph is reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. F. S. Boyes, Yokohama.)

of training, held the advantage at Hammersmith Bridge, but thereafter their great initial effort began to tell against them, and Cambridge gradually drew away. From Chiswick onwards the race became a procession, and although Oxford maintained the struggle gamely to the end, they were defeated by four and a half lengths, the time being 21 min. 36 sec. In the afternoon the University Sports were held.

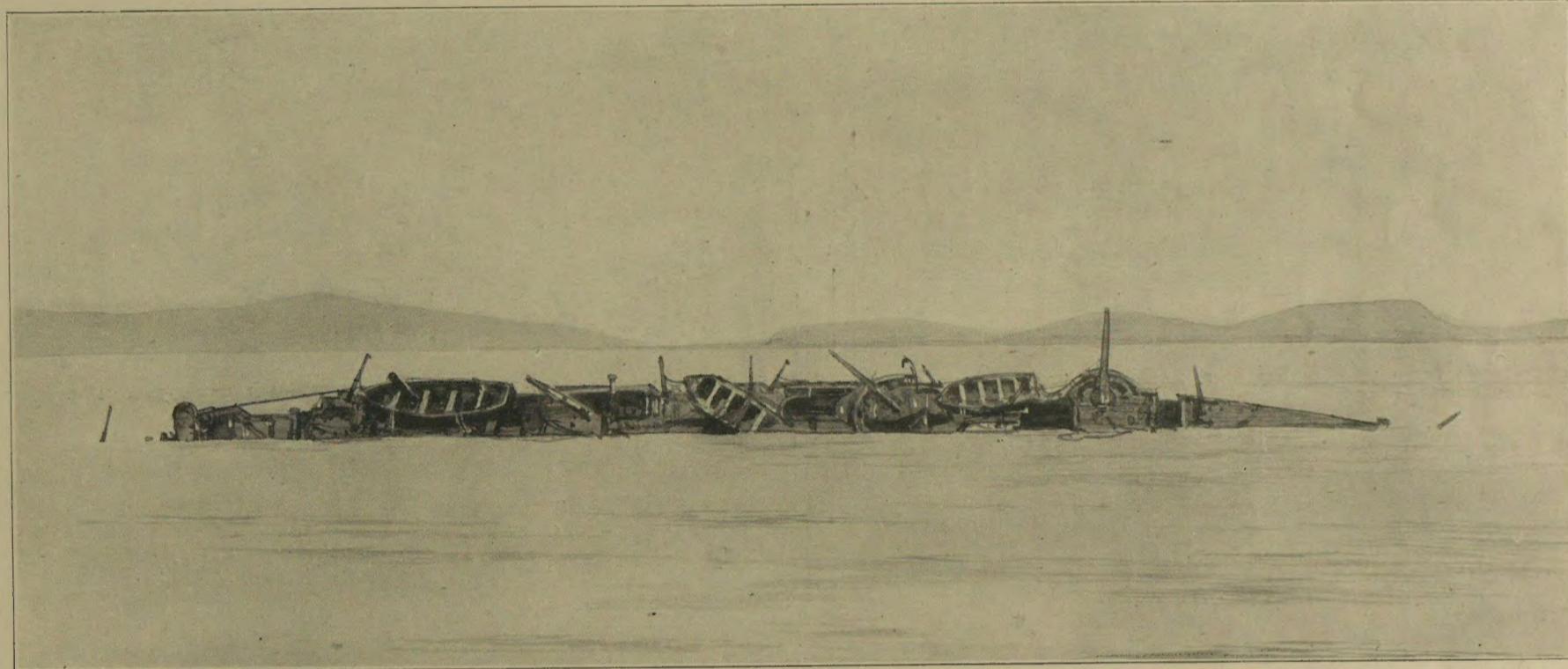
THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF A NAVAL BATTLE: THE FIGHT AT CHEMULPO, FEBRUARY 9.



THE "VARIAG" TWO HOURS BEFORE SHE SANK: THE VESSEL ABANDONED AND BURNING AFT. (PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN 4.15 P.M., FEBRUARY 9.)



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF A NAVAL BATTLE: THE DENSE SMOKE OF THE BLOWN-UP "KORIETZ"; THE BURNING "VARIAG" IN THE DISTANCE. (4 P.M., FEBRUARY 9.)



THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE: THE DECK OF THE HALF-SUBMERGED "VARIAG."
DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A NAVAL OFFICER WHO WITNESSED THE ENGAGEMENT.

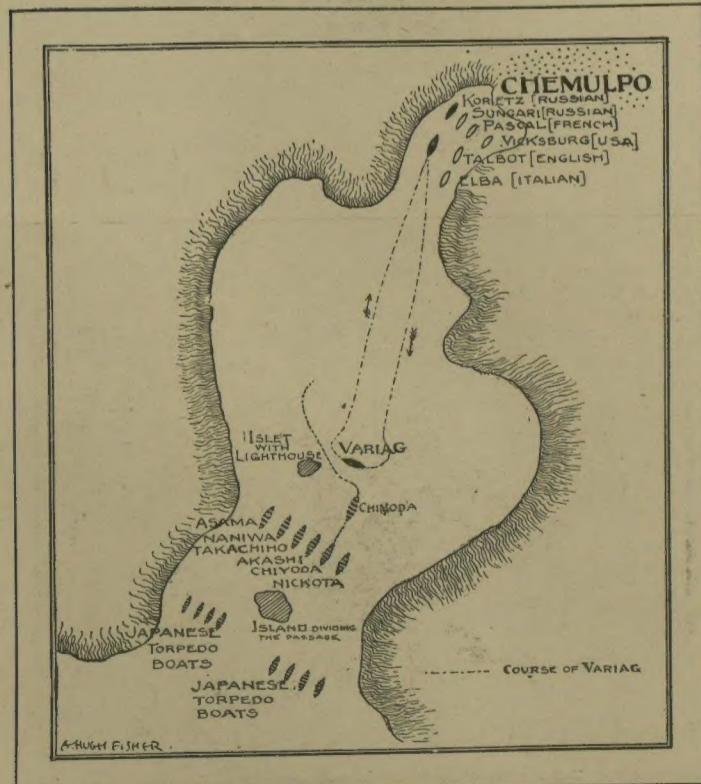
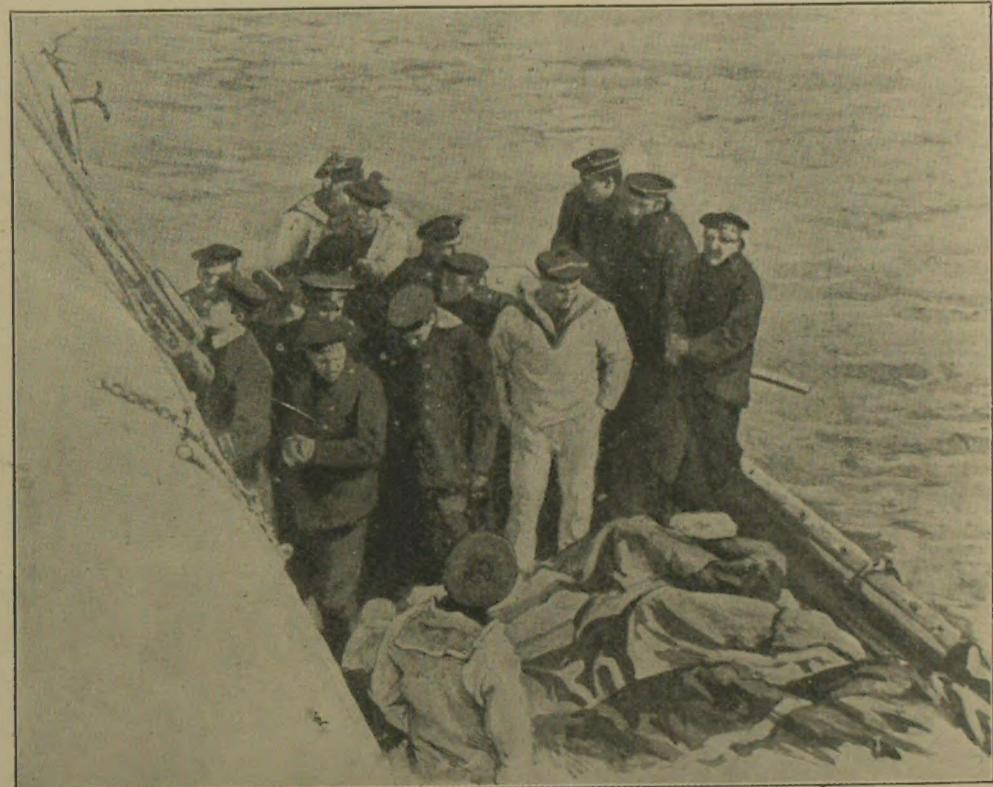


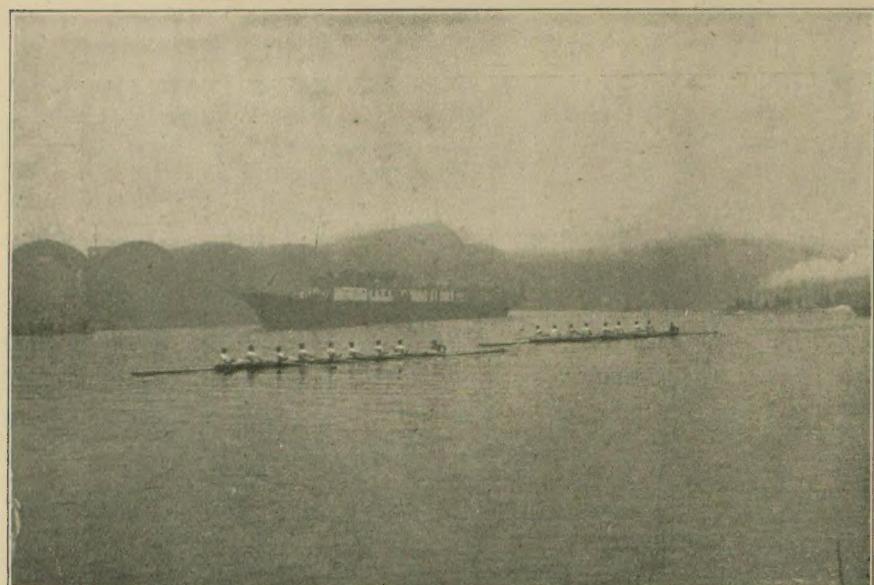
CHART SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF THE RUSSIAN VESSELS "VARIAG" AND "KORIETZ" AND THE JAPANESE FLEET DURING THE ACTION.



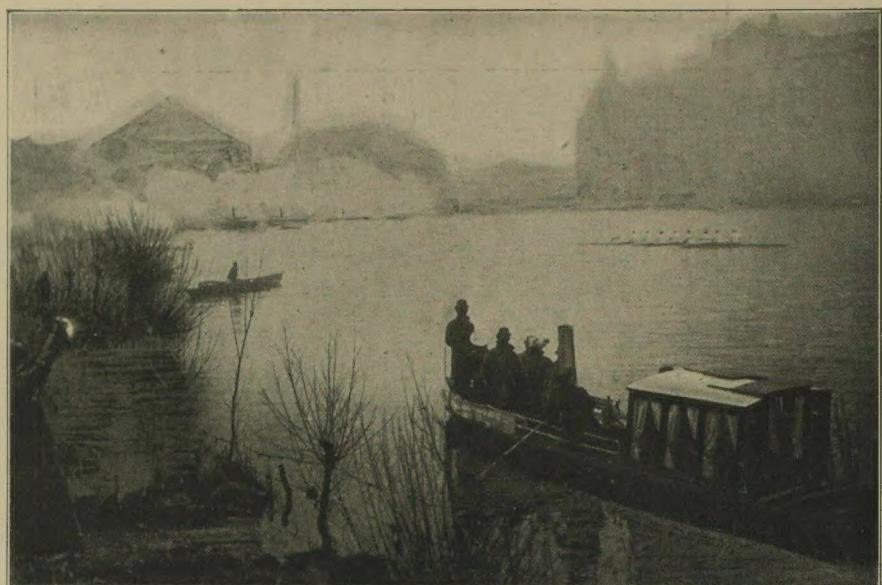
WOUNDED RUSSIAN SAILORS RESCUED FROM THE "VARIAG" BY THE FRENCH CRUISER "PASCAL."
(FRENCH SAILORS IN WHITE.)

UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS: THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE AND SPORTS, MARCH 26.

BOAT-RACE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN AND BY CALLCOTT; SPORTS BY BOWDEN.



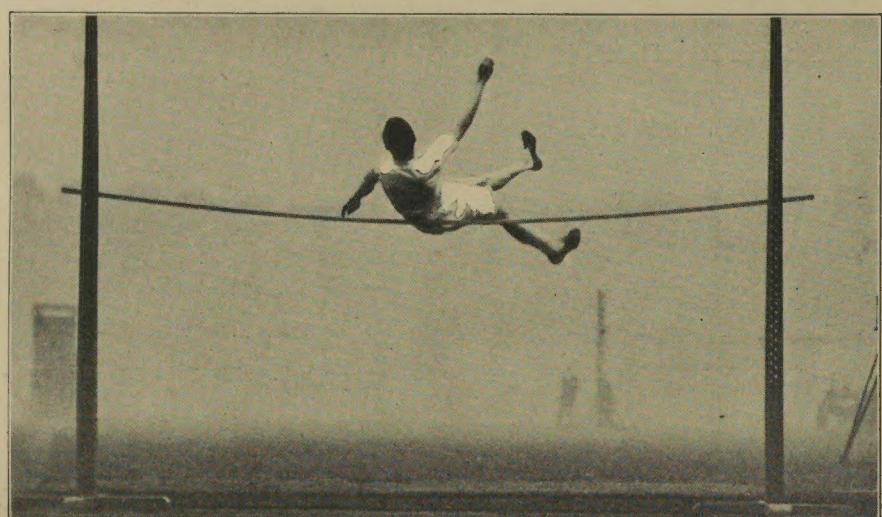
THE BOAT-RACE: THE CREWS OPPOSITE THORNYCROFT'S: CAMBRIDGE LEADING.



THE FINISH AT MORTLAKE: CAMBRIDGE WINS.



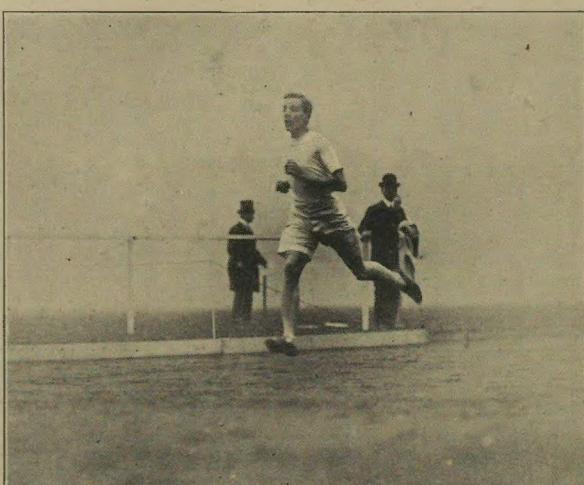
THE SPORTS: THE THIRD IN THE HIGH JUMP, MACMEIKAN (OXFORD), 5 FT. 6 IN.



THE WINNER OF THE HIGH JUMP: LEADER (CAMBRIDGE), 5 FT. 11 IN.



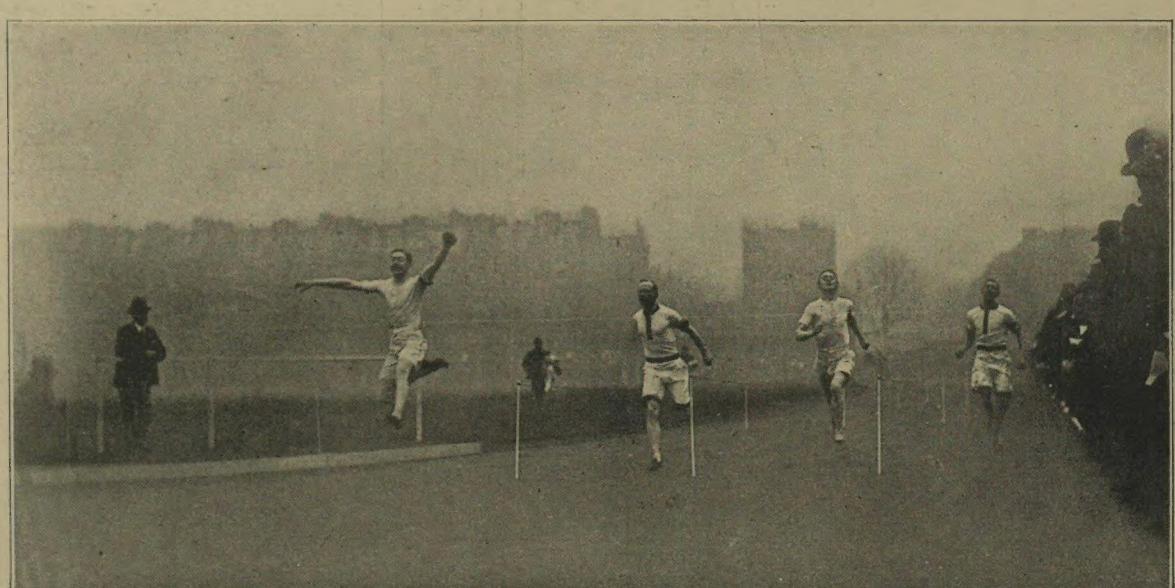
THE THREE MILES, THIRD LAP: THE WINNER, CHURCHILL (CAMBRIDGE), LEADING.



THE MILE: GREGSON (CAMBRIDGE) WINNING.



THE QUARTER-MILE: BARCLAY (CAMBRIDGE) WINS.



THE FINISH FOR THE 100 YARDS: BARCLAY WINS.

The Sports were held as usual at Queen's Club, West Kensington. Of the ten events, Cambridge won eight. Barclay has won the quarter-mile and the 100 yards for three successive years. The record for the whole contest now stands—Cambridge has won on twenty-one occasions, Oxford on eighteen. There were two dead-heats.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

The Last Hope

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

"A foreigner," cried Sep, jumping, as was his wont, from one foot to the other with excitement. "It is like the boat that was brought up by the tide with a dead man in it long ago. And that was a Belgian boat."

Miriam was looking at the boat with a sudden brightness in her eyes, a rush of colour to her cheeks, which were round and healthy, and of that soft, clear pink which marks a face swept constantly by mist and a salty air. In flat countries, where men may see each other unimpeded by hedge or tree or hillock across a space measured only by miles, the eye is soon trained, like the sailor's eye, to see and recognise at a great distance.

There was no mistaking the attitude of the solitary steersman of this foreign boat stealing quietly up to Farlingford on the flood tide. It was Loo Barebone sitting on the gunwale as he always sat, with one knee raised on the thwart to support his elbow, and his chin in the palm of his hand, so that he could glance up at the head of the sail or ahead without needing to change his position.

Sep turned and looked up at her.

"I thought you said he was never coming back," he said reproachfully.

"So I did. I thought he was never coming back."

Sep looked at her again, and then at the boat. One never knows how much children, and dogs who live daily with human beings, understand.

"Your face is very red," he observed. "That comes from telling untruths."

"It comes from the cold wind," replied Miriam, with an odd, breathless laugh.

"If we do not go home he will be there before us," said Sep gravely. "He will make one tack across to the other side and then make the mouth of the creek."

They turned and walked side by side on the top of the sea-wall towards the rectory. Their figures must have been outlined against the sky for any watching from the river: the girl, tall and strong, walking with the ease that comes from health and a steadfast mind; the eager, restless boy running and jumping by her side. Barebone must have seen them as soon as they saw him. They were part of Farlingford, these two. He had a sudden feeling of having been away for years, with this difference—that he came back and found nothing changed. Whereas in reality he who returns after a long absence usually finds no one awaiting him.

He did as Sep had foretold, crossing to the far side of the river and then gaining the mouth of the creek in one tack. Miriam and Sep had reached the rectory garden first, and now stood waiting for him. He came on in silence. Last time, on *The Last Hope*, he had come up the river singing.

Sep waved his hand, and in response Barebone nodded his head, with one eye peering ahead; for the breeze was fresh.

The old chain was still there, imperfectly fastened round a tottering post at the foot of the tide-washed steps. It clinked as he made fast the boat. Miriam had not heard the sound of it since that night long ago when Loo had gone down the steps in the dark and cast off.

"I was given a passage home in a French fishing-boat and borrowed their dinghy to come ashore in," said Loo as he came up the steps. He knew that Farlingford would want some explanation, and that Sep would be proud to give it. An explanation is never the worse for a spice of truth.

"Miriam told me you were never coming home again," answered Sep, still nourishing that grievance.

"Well! She was wrong, and here I am," was

as he lived. She turned abruptly and led the way to the house.

Sep had a hundred questions to ask, but only a few of them were personal. Children live in a world of their own, and are not slow to invite those whom they like to come into it, while to the others they shut the door with a greater frankness than is permissible later in life.

"Father," he explained, "has gone to see old Doy, who is dying."

"Is he still dying? He will never die, I am sure; for he has been trying to do it ever since I remember," laughed Barebone, who was interested, it seemed, in Sep's affairs, and never noticed that Miriam was walking more quickly than they were.

"And I am rather anxious about him," continued Sep, with the gravity that comes of a realised responsibility. "He moons along, you know, with his mind far away, and he doesn't know the path across the Marsh a bit. He is bound to lose his way, and it is getting dark. Suppose I shall have to go and look for him."

"With a lantern," suggested Loo darkly, without looking towards Miriam.

"Oh, yes," replied Sep with delight. "With a lantern, of course. Nobody but a fool would go out on to the Marshes after dark without a lantern. The weed on the water makes it the same as the grass; and that old woman who was nearly drowned last winter, you know, she walked straight in and thought it was dry land."

And Loo heard no more, for they were at the door, and Miriam, in the lighted hall, was waiting for them with all the colour gone from her face.

"He is sure to be in, in a few minutes," she said; for she had heard the end of their talk. She could scarcely have helped hearing Loo's weighty suggestion of a lantern which had had the effect he must have anticipated. Sep was already hurriedly searching for

matches. It would be difficult to dissuade him from his purpose. What boy would willingly give up the prospect of an adventure on the Marsh alone with a bull's-eye? Miriam tried, and tried in vain. She gained time, however, and was listening for Marvin's

footstep on the gravel all the while.

Sep found the matches, and it chanced that there was a sufficiency of oil in his lantern. He lighted up and



"I borrowed their dinghy to come ashore in," said Loo, as he came up the steps.

Loo's reply, with his old ready laugh. "And here is Farlingford unchanged—and no harm done."

"Why should there be any harm done?" was Sep's prompt question.

Barebone was shaking hands with Miriam.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "Because there always is harm done, I suppose."

Miriam was thinking that he had changed; that the man who had unmooored his boat at these steps six months ago had departed for ever,

and that another had come back in his place.

A minute later, as he tried to close the gate that shut off the rectory garden from the river-wall, chance ruled it that their eyes should meet for an instant, and she knew that he had not changed; that he might, perhaps, never change so long

went away, leaving an abominable smell of untrimmed wick behind him.

It was tea-time, and half a century ago that meal was a matter of greater importance than it is to-day. A fire burned in the dining-room, glowing warmly on the mellow walls and gleaming furniture, but there was no lamp, nor need of one, in a room with large windows facing the sunset sky.

Miriam led the way into this room, and lifted the shining, old-fashioned kettle to the hob. She took a



He had come a step nearer and was standing over her.

chair that stood near, and sat with her shoulder turned towards him, looking into the fire.

"We will have tea as soon as they come in," she said in that voice of camaraderie which speaks of a life-long friendship between a man and a woman—if such a friendship be possible. Is it—who knows? "They will not be long, I am sure. You will like tea after having been so long abroad. It is one of the charms of coming home or one of the alleviations, I don't know which. And now tell me all that has happened since you went away, if you care to."

CHAPTER XXVII.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

Miriam's manner towards him was the same as it had always been so long as he could remember. He had once thought—indeed, he had made to her the accusation—that she was always conscious of the social gulf existing between them; that she always remembered that she was by birth and breeding a lady, whereas he was the son of an obscure Frenchman, who was nothing but a clockmaker, whose name could be read (and can to this day be deciphered) on a hundred timepieces in remote East Anglian farms.

Since his change of fortune he had, as all men who rise to a great height or sink to the depths will tell, noted a corresponding change in his friends. Even Captain Clubbe had altered, and the affection which peeped out at times almost against his Puritanical will seemed to have suffered a chill. The men of Farlingford, and even those who had sailed in *The Last Hope* with him, held him at a distance. They nodded to him with a brief friendly smile, but were shy of shaking hands. The hand which they would have held out readily enough had he needed assistance in misfortune slunk hastily into a pocket. For he who climbs will lose more friends than the ne'er-do-well. Some may account this to human nature for righteousness, and others quite the contrary; for jealousy, like love, lies hidden in unsuspected corners.

Juliette de Gemosac had been quite different to Loo since learning his story. Miriam alone remained unchanged. He had accused her of failing to rise superior to arbitrary social distinctions; and now, standing behind her in the fire-lit dining-room of the Rectory, he retracted that accusation once and for all time in his own heart, though her justification came from a contrary direction to that from which it might have been expected.

Miriam alone remained a friend—and nothing else, he added bitterly in his own heart. And she seemed to assume that their friendship, begun in face of social distinctions, should never have to suffer from that burden.

"I should like to hear," she repeated, seeing that he was silent, "all that has happened since you went away; all that you may care to tell me."

"My heritage, you mean?"

She moved in her seat, but did not look round. She had laid aside her hat on coming into the house, and as she sat, leaning forward with her hands clasped together in her lap, gazing thoughtfully at the fire which glowed blue and white, for the salt water that was in the driftwood, her hair, loosened by the wind, half concealed her face.

"Yes," she answered slowly.

"Do you know what it is, my heritage?" lapsing, as he often did when hurried by some pressing thought, into a colloquialism half French.

She shook her head, but made no audible reply.

"Do you suspect what it is?" he insisted.

"I may have suspected, perhaps," she admitted after a pause.

"When? How long?"

She paused again. Quick and clever as he was, she was no less so. She weighed the question. Perhaps she found no answer to it, for she turned towards the door that stood open and looked out into the hall. The light of the lamp there fell for a moment across her face.

"I think I hear them returning," she said.

"No," he retorted, with an odd-sounding laugh; "for I should hear them before you did. I was brought up at sea. Do not answer the question, however, if you would rather not. You ask what has happened since I went away. A great many things have happened which are of no importance. Such things always happen, do they not? But one night, when we were quarrelling, Dormer Colville mentioned your name. He was very much alarmed and very angry, so he perhaps spoke the truth—by accident. He said that you had always known that I might be the King of France. Many things happened, as I tell you, which are of no importance, and which I have already forgotten; but that I remember, and always shall."

"I have always known," replied Miriam with a short laugh, "that Mr. Dormer Colville is a liar. It is written on his face, for those who care to read."

A woman at bay is rarely merciful.

"And I thought for an instant," pursued Loo, "that such a knowledge might have been in your mind that night, the last I was here, last summer, on the river-wall. I had a vague idea that it might have influenced in some way the reply you gave me then."

He had come a step nearer and was standing over her. She could hear his hurried breathing.

"Oh, no," she replied in a calm voice full of friendliness. "You are quite wrong. The reason I gave you still holds good, and—and always will."

In the brief silence that followed this clear statement of affairs, they both heard the rattle of the iron gate by the sea-wall.

Sep and his father were coming. Loo turned to look towards the hall and the front door, dimly visible in the shadow of the porch. While he did so Miriam passed her hand quickly across her face. When Loo turned again and glanced down at her, her attitude was unchanged.

"Will you look at me and say that again?" he asked slowly.

"Certainly," she replied. And she rose from her chair. She turned and faced him with the light of the hall-lamp full upon her. She was smiling and self-confident.

"I thought," he said, looking at her closely, "as I stood behind you, that there were tears in your eyes."

She went past him into the hall to meet Sep and his father, who were already on the threshold.

"It must have been the firelight," she said to Barebone as she passed him.

A minute later Septimus Maryin was shaking him by the hand with a vague and uncertain but kindly grasp.

"Sep came running to tell me that you were home again," he said, struggling out of his overcoat. "Yes, yes. Home again to the old place; and little changed, I can see—little changed, my boy. *Tempora mutantur, eh?* And we *mutamur in ills.* But you are the same!"

"Of course. Why should I change? It is too late to change for the better now."

"Never, never say that. But we do not want you to change. We looked for you to come in a coach-and-four—did we not, Miriam? For I suppose you have secured your heritage since you are here again. It is a great thing to possess riches—and a great responsibility. Come, let us have tea and not think of such things. Yes, yes; let us forget that such a thing as a heritage ever came between us—eh, Miriam? . . ."

And with a gesture of old-world politeness he stood aside for his niece to pass first into the dining-room, whither a servant had preceded them with a lamp.

"It will not be hard to do that," replied Miriam steadily, "because he tells me that he has not yet secured it."

"All in good time—all in good time," said Marvin, with that faith in some occult power—seemingly the Government and Providence working in conjunction—to which parsons and many women confide their worldly affairs and sit with folded hands.

He asked many questions which were easy enough to answer, for he had no worldly wisdom himself and did not look for it in other people. And then he related his own adventure—the great incident of his life—his visit to Paris.

"A matter of business," he explained. "Some duplicates—one or two of my prints which I had decided

to part with. Miriam also wished me to see into some small money matters of her own. Her guardian, John Turner, you may remember, resides in Paris. A school-fellow of my own, by the way. But our ways diverged later in life. I found him unchanged—a kind heart—always a kind heart. He attempts to conceal it, as many do, under a flippant, almost a profane, manner of speech. *Brutum fulmen.* But I saw through it—I saw through it."

And the Rector beamed on Loo through his spectacles with an innocent delight in a Christian charity which he mistook for cunning.

"You see," he went on, "we have spent a little money on the Rectory. To-morrow you will see that we have made good the roof of the church. One could not ask the villagers to contribute, knowing that the children want boots and scarcely know the taste of jam. Yes. John Turner was very kind to me. He found me a buyer for one of my prints."

The Rector broke off with a sharp sigh and drank his tea.

"We shall never miss it," he added with the hopefulness of those who can blind themselves to facts. "Come, tell me your impressions of France."

"I have been there before," replied Loo, with a curtness so unusual as to make Miriam glance at him. "I have been there before, you know. It would be more interesting to hear your own impressions, which must be fresher."

Miriam knew that he did not want to speak of France, and wondered why. But Marvin, eager to talk of his favourite study, seized the suggestion in all innocence. He had gone to Paris as he had wandered through life, with the mind of a child—eager, receptive, open to impression. Such minds pass by much that is of value, but to one or two conclusions they bring a perceptive comprehension which is photographic in its accuracy.

"I have followed her history with unflagging interest since boyhood," he said; "but never until now have I understood France. I walked through the streets of Paris and I looked into the faces of the people—and I realised that the astonishing history of France is true. One can see it in those faces. The city is brilliant, beautiful, unreal. The reality is in the faces of the people. Do you remember what Wellington said of them? 'They are ripe,' he said, 'for another Napoleon.' But he could not see that Napoleon on the political horizon. And that is what I saw in their faces. They are ripe for something—they know not what."

"Did John Turner tell you that?" asked Loo in an eager voice—"he who has lived in Paris all his life?"

And Miriam caught the thrill of excitement in the voice that put this question. She glanced at Loo. His eyes were bright and his cheeks colourless. She knew that she was in the presence of some feeling



She turned and faced him with the light of the hall-lamp full upon her.

that she did not understand. It was odd that an old scholar, knowing nothing but history, could thus stir a listener whose touch had hitherto only skimmed the surface of life.

"No," answered Marvin with assurance. "I saw myself in their faces. Ah! if another such as Napoleon could only arise—such as he, but different! Not an adventurer, but a King, and the descendant of Kings—not allied, as Napoleon was, with a hundred other adventurers. . . ."

"Yes," said Loo in a muffled voice, looking away towards the fire.

"A King whose wife should be a Queen," pursued the dreamer.

"Yes," said Loo, again encouragingly.

"They could save France," concluded Marvin, taking off his spectacles and polishing them with a silk handkerchief.

Loo turned and looked at him; for the action, so characteristic of a mere onlooker, indicated that the momentary concentration of a mind, so stored with knowledge that confusion reigned there, was passing away.

"From what?" asked Loo. "Save France from what?"

"From inevitable disaster, my boy," replied Marvin gravely. "That is what I saw in those gay streets."

Loo glanced at him sharply. He had himself seen the same all through those provinces, which must take their cue from Paris, whether they will or no.

"What a career!" murmured Marvin. "What a mission for a man to have in life—to save France! One does not like to think of the world without a France to lead it in nearly everything, or with a France a mere ghost of her former self, exploited, depleted by another Bonaparte. And we must look in vain for that man, as did the good Duke years ago."

"I should like to have a shot at it," put in Sep, who had just dispatched a large piece of cake.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed his father, only half in jest.

"Better sit all day under the lee of a boat and make nets, like Sea Andrew," advised Loo with a laugh.

"Do you think so?" said Miriam, without looking up.

"All the same, I'd like to have a shot at it," persisted Sep. "Pass the cake, please."

Loo had risen and was looking at the clock. His face was drawn and tired, and his eyes grave.

"You will come in and see us as often as you can while you are here?" said the kindly Rector, as if vaguely conscious of a change in his visitor. "You will always find a welcome, whether you come in a coach-and-four or on foot—you know that."

"Thank you—yes. I know that."

The Rector peered at him through his spectacles.

"I hope," he said, "that you will soon be successful in getting your own. You are worried about it, I fear. The responsibilities of wealth, perhaps. And yet many rich people are able to do good in the world, and must therefore be happy."

"I do not suppose I shall ever be rich," said Loo with a careless laugh.

"No, perhaps not. But let us hope that all will be for the best. You must not attach too much importance to what I said about France, you know. I may be wrong. Let us hope I am. For I understand that your heritage is there."

"Yes," answered Loo, who was shaking hands with Sep and Miriam. "My heritage is there."

"And you will go back to France?" inquired Marvin, holding out his hand.

"Yes," was the reply, with a side glance in the direction of Miriam. "I shall go back to France."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BAREBONE'S PRICE.

At Farlingsford, forgotten of the world, events move slowly and men's minds assimilate change without shock. Old people look for death long before it arrives, so that when at last the great change comes it is effected quite calmly. There is no indecent haste, no scrambling to put a semblance of finish to the incomplete, as there is in the hurried death of cities. Young faces grow softly mellow without those lines and anxious brows that mar the features of the middle-aged who, to earn their daily bread or to kill the tedium of their lives, find it necessary to dwell in streets.

"Loo's home again," men told each other at the Black Sailor, and the women who discussed the matter in the village street had little to add to this bare piece of news. There was nothing unusual about it; indeed, it was customary for Farlingsford men to come home again. They always returned at last from wide wanderings, which a limited conversational capacity seemed to deprive of all interest. Those that stayed at home learnt a few names, and that was all.

"Where are ye now from, Willum?" the newly returned sailor would be kindly asked, with the sideward jerk of the head.

"A'm now from Valparaiso."

And that was all that there was to be said about Valparaiso and the experiences of this circumnavigator. Perhaps it was not considered good form to inquire further into that which was, after all, his own business. If you ask an East Anglian questions, he will tell you nothing; if you do not inquire, he will tell you less.

No one, therefore, asked Barebone any questions. More especially is it considered in seafaring communities impolite to make inquiry into your neighbour's misfortune. If a man have the ill-luck to lose his ship, he may well go through the rest of his life without hearing the mention of her name. It was understood in

Farlingsford that Loo Barebone had resigned his post on *The Last Hope* in order to claim a heritage in France. He had returned home and was living quietly at Maiden's Grave Farm with Mrs. Clubbe. It was therefore to be presumed that he had failed in his quest. This was hardly a matter for surprise to such as had inherited from their forefathers a profound distrust in Frenchmen.

The brief February days followed each other with that monotony marked by small events that quickly lays the years aside. Loo lingered on with a vague indecision in his mind which increased as the weeks passed by, and the spell of the wide marshlands closed round his soul. He took up again those studies which the necessity of earning a living had interrupted years before, and Septimus Marvin, who had never left off seeking, opened new historical gardens to him and bade him come in and dig.

Nearly every morning Loo went to the Rectory to look up an obscure reference or elucidate an uncertain period. Nearly every evening, after the Rectory dinner, he returned the books he had borrowed, and lingered until past Sep's bed-time to discuss the day's reading. Septimus Marvin, with an enthusiasm which is the reward of the simple-hearted, led the way down the paths of history, while Loo and Miriam followed; the man, with the quick perception of his race, the woman with that instinctive and untiring search for the human motive which can put heart into a printed page of history.

Many a whole lifetime has slipped away in such occupations;



"So I put two and two together."

for history, already inexhaustible, grows in bulk day by day. Marvin was happier than he had ever been, for a great absorption is one of Heaven's kindest gifts.

For Barebone, France and his quest there, the Marquis de Gemosac, Dormer Colville—Juliette—lapsed into a sort of dream, while Farlingsford remained a quiet reality. Loo had not written to Dormer Colville. Captain Clubbe was trading between Alexandria and Bristol. *The Last Hope* was not to be expected in England before April. To communicate with Colville would be to turn that past dream, not wholly pleasant, into a grim reality. Loo, therefore, put off from day to day the evil moment. By nature and by training he was a man of action; he tried to persuade himself that he was made for a scholar, and would be happy to pass the rest of his days in the study of that history which had occupied Septimus Marvin's thoughts during a whole lifetime.

Perhaps he was right. He might have been happy enough to pass his days thus if life were unchanging; if Septimus Marvin should never age and never die; if Miriam should be always there with her light touch on the deeper thoughts, her half-French way of understanding the unspoken, with her steady friendship which might change some day into something else. This was, of course, inconsistent. Love itself is the most inconsistent of all human dreams, for it would have some things change and others remain ever as they are. Whereas nothing stays unchanged for a single day: love least of all. For it must go forward or back.

"See," cried Septimus Marvin one evening, laying his hand on the open book before him; "see how strong are

racial things. Here are the Bourbons for ever shutting their eyes to the obvious, for ever putting off the evil moment, for ever temporising—from father to son, father to son; generation after generation. Finally we come to Louis XVI. Read his letters to the Comte d'Artois. They are the letters of a man who knows the truth in his own heart and will not admit it even to himself."

"Yes," admitted Loo with a sudden laugh. "Yes—you are right. It is racial, one must suppose."

And he glanced at Miriam, who did not meet his eyes, but looked at the open page with a smile on her lips, half sad, wholly tolerant.

Next morning Loo thought he would write to Dormer Colville. But the following evening came, and he had not done so. He went as usual to the Rectory, where the same kind welcome awaited him. Miriam knew that he had not written. Like him, she knew that an end of some sort must soon come. And the end came an hour later.

Some day, Barebone knew, Colville would arrive. Every morning he half looked for him on the sea-wall between the Black Sailor and the Rectory garden. Any evening, he was well aware, the smiling face might greet him in the lamplit drawing-room.

Sep had gone to bed earlier that night. The Rector was reading aloud an endless collection of letters from which the careful student could scarcely fail to gather sidelights on history. Both Miriam and Loo heard the clang of the iron gate on the sea-wall.

A minute or two later the old dog who lived mysteriously in the back premises barked, and presently the servant announced that a gentleman was desirous of speaking to the Rector. There were not many gentlemen within a day's walk of the Rectory. Someone must have put up at the Black Sailor. Theoretically, the Rector was at the call of any of his parishioners at all moments; but in practice the people of Farlingsford never sought his help.

"A gentleman," said Marvin vaguely. "Well, let him come in, Sarah."

Miriam and Barebone sat silently looking at the door. But the man who appeared there was not Dormer Colville. It was John Turner.

He evinced no surprise on seeing Loo, but shook hands with him with a little nod of the head which somehow indicated that they had business together.

He accepted the chair brought forward by Septimus Marvin, and warmed his hands at the fire, in no hurry, it would appear, to state the reason for this unceremonious call. After all, Marvin was his oldest friend, and Miriam his ward. Between old friends explanations are often better omitted.

"It is many years," he said at length, "since I heard their talk. They speak with their tongues and their teeth, but not their lips."

"And their throats," put in Marvin eagerly. "That is because they are of Teuton descent. So different from the French—eh, Turner?"

Turner nodded a placid acquiescence. Then he turned, as far, it would appear, as the thickness of his neck allowed, towards Barebone.

"Saw in a French paper," he said, "that the *Petite Jeanne* had put in to Lowestoft to replace a dinghy lost at sea. So I put two and two together. It is my business, putting two and two together and making five of them when I can, but they generally make four. I thought I should find you here."

Loo made no answer. He had only seen John Turner once in his life, for a short hour in a room full of people at Royan. The banker stared straight in front of him for a few moments. Then he raised his sleepy little eyes directly to Miriam's face. He heaved a sigh and fell to studying the burning logs again. And the colour slowly rose to Miriam's cheeks. The banker, it seemed, was about his business again in one of those simple addition sums which he sometimes solved correctly.

"To you," he said, after a moment's pause, with a glance in Loo's direction. "To you it must appear that I am interfering in what is not my own business. You are wrong there."

He had clasped his hands across his abnormal waistcoat, and he half closed his eyes as he blinked at the fire.

"I am a sort of intermediary angel," he went on, "between private persons in France and their friends in England. Nothing to do with State affairs, you understand; at least, very little. Many persons in England have relations or property in France. French persons fall in love with people on this side of the Channel, and vice-versa. And sooner or later all these persons who are in trouble with their property or their affections come to me, because money is invariably at the bottom of the trouble. Money is invariably at the bottom of all trouble. And I represent money."

He pursed up his lips and gazed somnolently at the fire.

(To be continued.)

SIGNS OF EASTER ON THE RIVIERA: A HISTORIC ANNUAL CUSTOM.

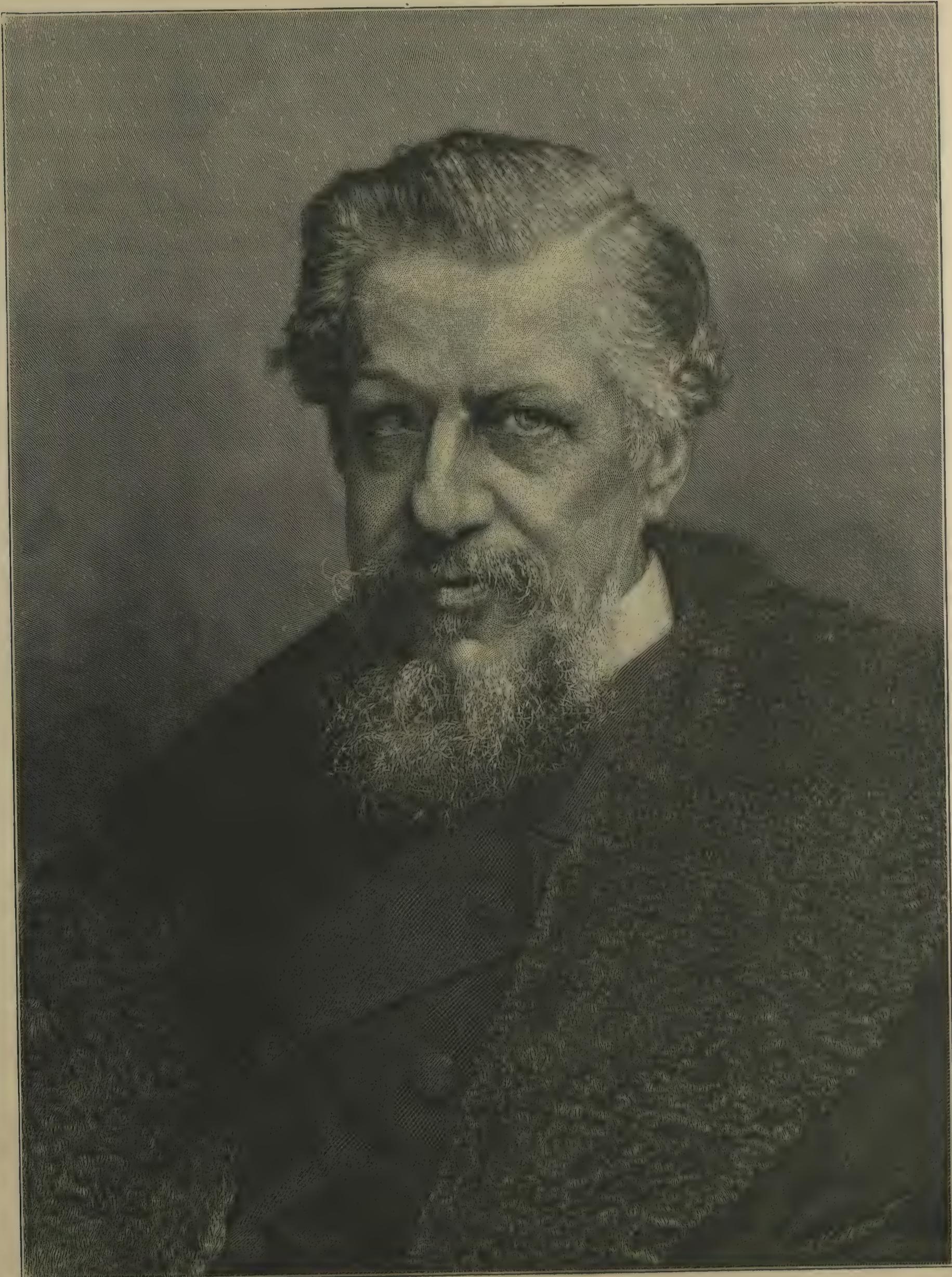
DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BORDIGHERA.



CUTTING THE BRANCHES FOR PALM SUNDAY AT BORDIGHERA.

There is a curious custom in connection with the palm branches at Bordighera. The right of exploiting the sale of these at Rome was originally given in 1586 to a sailor of Bordighera named Bresca, for a suggestion made during the raising of the Egyptian obelisk in the square of St. Peter. Owing to the difficulty of the work, Pope Sixtus V. had forbidden the onlookers to distract the engineers by a single word; but Bresca, seeing the cords stretching unduly, and disaster impending, shouted out, "Wet the ropes!" and saved the situation. His life was, of course, forfeit for speaking, but the Pope pardoned him, for his ingenuity, and gave him the monopoly of the palm trade in Rome at Easter. His descendants still annually present the Holy Father with a richly decorated palm branch.

THE DEATH OF A GREAT ENGLISH POET OF JAPAN AND STUDENT
OF EASTERN RELIGIONS.



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

BORN, JUNE 10, 1832; DIED, MARCH 24, 1904.

Sir Edwin Arnold was one of the most eminent of modern students of Oriental literature and religion. His poem, "The Light of Asia," may be considered the best popular exposition of Buddhism in England. His numerous orders include "The Rising Sun of Japan," one of the chief distinctions which the Mikado can confer.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE HOUSING OF THE POOR.

One of the most crying questions of the age we live in is undoubtedly that relating to the adequate housing of the masses. Over and over again has the attention of sanitarians and legislators been given to the solution of this great problem; but even without exhibiting undue pessimism, one might be excused for the belief that the subject has hardly been advanced in respect of satisfactory treatment during the past few years. In asserting so much, I am decrying no effort or attempt which has been made to deal with the problem involved in the housing question. I recognise fully the many and varied interests included within its limits, and the great difficulties which reformers have to face in suggesting, and far more in carrying out, schemes of improvement. Hence the urgent need that these difficulties should be faced, and that the questions involved—matters of national importance—should not be allowed to daunt reformers by the sheer weight of their magnitude.

We should not lose sight of the point that the housing of the masses is a matter of very far-reaching kind. For example, the outbreaks of infectious disease, only too commonly represented in our big centres of population, entail tremendous expense in their suppression. The risks of the transmission of such ailments broadcast have also to be considered as an additional feature in the menace to the public weal which a badly housed, overcrowded population represents. All the conditions of physical and mental degeneracy are developed where a human environment is unhealthy.

A perusal of a recent health report on the Metropolitan Borough of Finsbury by Dr. G. Newman offers a striking object-lesson in many ways to the social reformer. It is hard facts of the kind which the sanitarian is able to collate, that present us with the strongest arguments we can produce for the betterment of the masses. Dr. Newman tells us that the conditions of life prevailing in one-roomed tenements, for instance, produce a poor and defective physique, encourage disease, and favour premature death. With great density of population, great uncleanliness, and an absence of fresh air, the death-rate exhibits the usual rise we expect to find represented amid unhealthy surroundings. One of his tables is instructive in the highest degree. In his district a population of 14,516 live in one-roomed tenements. The death-rate amongst them from all causes per thousand is 38.9; from fevers, 5.6; from consumption, 4.5; and from other lung troubles, 9.3.

Compare these figures with those, say, of three-roomed tenements, and we find the general death-rate per thousand of a population of 21,280 to be 11.7; from fevers the rate is 1.8, from consumption 1.2, and from other lung diseases 2.4. Where we find people (33,185) living in four-roomed houses and upwards, the figures taken in the same order are respectively 5.6, 0.54, 0.63, and 0.84. We thus perceive how powerfully space affects a death-rate, and how even a slight increase in breathing-room, so to speak, implies a great gain in health and a decreased liability to disease. Now this story is as old as hygiene itself, and, armed with such facts, reformers must endeavour to suggest how the conditions of life may be bettered so as to bring about increased health for the masses, and to prevent the development of disease at large.

The inevitable tendency of the masses to herd together in great centres and to congregate where they can be adjacent to their employment presents one of the main difficulties in dealing with their betterment. Also the question of space has to be considered, for every available inch of ground in a big city grows more and more valuable each year. Against these knotty points the reformer may suggest the garden cities of the enthusiast, and swift means of conveying the workers from the city to the suburbs. These are feasible schemes; but they require development both as regards practical application and still more as regards finance. Philanthropy has done much to better life in cities through the construction of sanitary model dwellings; the pity of it all being, however, that while the population is so numerous the dwellings are so few.

I was talking recently to the medical officer of health of a large city on the subject of the housing of his poorest subjects. His ideas concentrated themselves in the scheme of erecting huge municipal barracks, in which the air-space would be sufficient, where rigid inspection would ensure cleanliness, and where certain furnishings would be supplied by the municipality. Better, he urged, to spend money in preventing disease than in providing hospital accommodation for smallpox and all the other ailments which it is the duty of corporations to combat. Further, it was argued that at the very price paid by the poor for their dirty one-roomed tenements, often "farmed out" by a middleman, a fair interest might accrue to the city for the money invested.

This scheme sounds practical enough, and it means simply the overhauling of a city's sanitation, the abolition of rookeries, and the bringing to bear upon the masses of influences in the way of enforced cleanliness, such as should exercise an effect upon their whole existence. Another sanitarian, less hopeful, reminded me that the poor will be always with us, and that a certain section lie apparently beyond the reach of all refining agencies. These last, he confessed, were his and other people's despair. But the outlook is more cheering to my mind. What the past has accomplished in the way of improvement surely the present, with its greater opportunities and its larger hopes, may at least effect. This is no subject for despair, but for earnest and continued attempts made by all departments of civilised authority.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J. J. MORTON (Hamilton, Ontario).—The initial move of the solution of No. 3119 is distinctly printed 1. Kt to B 6th.

C. BURNETT.—Look again at the problem.

CAIPE.—1. Your contribution shall be examined with a view of publication. 2. You must move the piece, but you have the privilege of playing it to any square.

MALCOLM SIM.—Please send the correction on a diagram.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3120 received from J. J. Morton (Hamilton, Ontario); of No. 3122 from C. Field Junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3123 from W. H. Arnold (Gloucester), R. G. Woodward (Worksop), Mrs. Mundy (Ivybridge), Inns of Court, and A. G. Bagot (Dublin); of No. 3124 from C. E. Perugini, B. O. Clark (Wolverhampton), F. G. Glanville (Tufnell Park), R. G. Woodward (Worksop), H. Le Jeune, A. G. (Pancsova), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

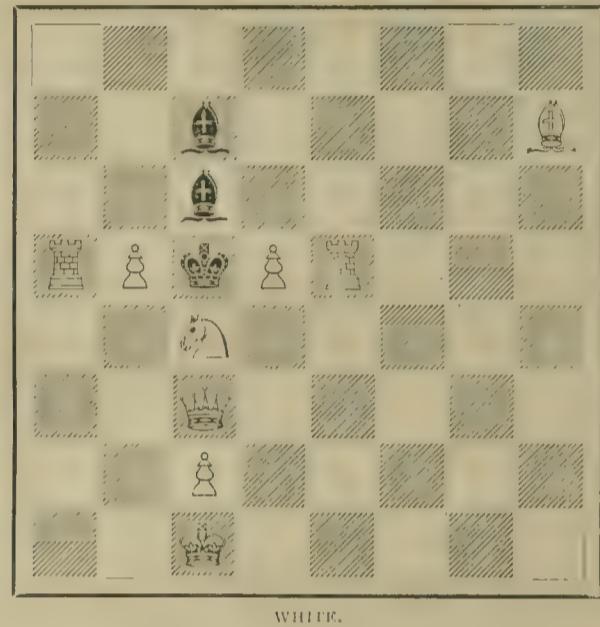
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3125 received from F. Henderson (Leeds), Clement C. Danby, A. Newton, and G. Stillingfleet Johnson Cobham.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3121. BY E. MAUER.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K 6th P takes Q or B takes P
2. R to R 8th, and mates next move.

PROBLEM NO. 3127.—BY T. A. PRINGLE.

BLACK.



CHESS IN CLIFTON.

Game played in the match Bristol v. Bath between Messrs. H. C. MOORE and N. FEEDEN.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Moore, Bath). BLACK (Mr. Fedden, Bristol).
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. B to B 4th Kt to B 4th
4. Kt takes P, B takes P (ch) leads to a more lively game.
5. P to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd
6. P to B 4th Kt to Q B 3rd
7. P to K Kt 4th Kt takes B
8. P takes Kt B to Kt 5th
9. Q to B 3rd B takes Kt (ch)
10. P takes B White has now virtually a lost position, entirely through the weakness of his seventh move, P to Q R 3rd at that point would have saved this ugly outcome.
11. P to Kt 5th P to Q Kt 3rd
12. Kt to K 2nd B to R 3rd
13. Kt to Kt 3rd B takes P
14. Kt to R 5th R to K Kt sq
15. R to K Kt sq P to K Kt 3rd
16. Kt to Kt 3rd Q to K 2nd
17. P to Q R 4th Kt to B 4th
18. P to R 5th P to Kt 4th
The defence is very cool throughout, allowing White to spend his strength in useless efforts to break through.
19. Kt to K R sq Castles
20. Kt to B 2nd Q to Q 2nd
21. Kt to Kt 4th Q to B 3rd
22. Kt to B 6th R to Kt 2nd
23. Kt to Q 5th B takes Kt
24. P takes B

With this exchange goes any chance White had left, and the adverse K P now becomes very powerful.

25. P to B 6th R to Kt sq
26. R to Q Kt sq P to Q R 3rd
27. P to B 4th P to K 5th
28. Q to B sq P takes P
29. Q takes P Q to Q R 5th
30. Q K to Kt 4th

Had the proffered exchange of Queens been accepted, the task of winning would not have been made easier for Black.

31. B to Q 2nd Q takes P
32. K to B 2nd Q to R 8th (ch)
33. B to K 3rd K to Q 2nd
34. B takes Kt P takes B
35. Q Kt P at B 4th

Here Q takes K P looks more to the purpose, but it would scarcely affect the ultimate result.

36. K to K sq Q to Q 3rd
37. Q to B 3rd P to R 6th
38. Q to B 4th R to Q R sq
39. Q to Kt 4th (ch) K to Q sq
40. R to K R sq P to Q B 4th
41. R to Kt 3rd R to Kt 2nd
42. R takes P (K R 7) R takes R
43. P takes R Q takes P
44. Q to Q sq Q takes Q (ch)
White resigns.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Brooklyn Chess Club Championship Tournament between Messrs. FOX and DICKERSON.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to K 4th P to Q B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th P takes P
4. Kt takes P P to K Kt 3rd
This opening, and the Fianchetto position secured thereby, has obtained much popularity in America of late. For our own part we think the disadvantages counterbalance its advantages.
5. Kt to Q B 3rd B to Kt 2nd
6. B to K 3rd P to Q 3rd
7. B to K 2nd Kt to B 3rd
8. Kt to Kt 3rd B to Q 2nd
9. P to B 4th Castles
10. P to Kt 4th R to B sq
11. P to K R 4th K to R 4th
This advance is possible, because the Black forces are quite unable to turn its dangerous exposure of the White King to account. They are so shut in as to be worse than useless.
12. K to R sq K to R sq
13. P to R 5th Kt to K 5th
14. P takes B P to K 3rd
15. P takes P B P takes P
16. Q to Q 3rd K to Kt sq
17. Castles Q R R to K B 2nd
18. R to R 6th Q to B 2nd
R to B 2nd, followed by B to Q B sq, would be more prudent in view of what is brewing. The counter-attack is worth nothing.

19. Q R to R sq Kt to R 4th
20. B to Q 2nd Kt takes Kt (ch)
21. R P takes P P to Q Kt 4th
22. Q to R 3rd R to Kt 2nd
23. R takes R P K to B 2nd
24. Q to R 6th B to B 3rd
25. Q takes P (ch)

Black is not compelled to take the Queen, but as he must lose whatever is done, he kindly takes the shortest and most florid way to his fate. The ending is splendid.

26. B to R 5th (ch) K takes R
27. B to B 7th, mate.

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A NAVAL REFORMER.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

My friend the Naval Reformer was taking his morning constitutional in St. James's Park. A brisk little man, whose strong and alert face was set off by a beard that was beginning to show the grey of thirty years' service, he looked every inch of him the naval officer.

"Well, Sir, what do you think of the war?" I asked.

"It should be well studied at home; there are plenty of lessons in it for us."

"Lessons for us?"

"Yes, surely! Do you not see the great lesson of all: the necessity of being always prepared, of not being caught, like a weasel, asleep? Fancy those three fat, great battle-ships calmly waiting to be torpedoed outside Port Arthur because war had not been declared! Ridiculous! The Japanese have only done just what the French would do in a like case. The flotilla of the *defense mobile* would slip across in the night and try to torpedo us at Spithead or in Plymouth Sound, or wherever it was. I suppose the Admiralty would telegraph down to the Channel Squadron: 'Relations strained; out torpedo-nets and guard-boats'; but one can never be too sure of these things. That is lesson No. 1."

"And the second lesson?"

"That is plain enough too. It is the use of the torpedo. Would you believe it? our naval torpedoes are made at Woolwich by the soldiers. Torpedo-manufacture should have its own department in the Navy. The Whiteheads made at Fiume, and therefore at the disposal of all our enemies, are superior to our own. Think of the terror the torpedo inspires. I know it in manœuvres. It is a thousand times worse in actual war. The side that first gets in and blows up a ship, demoralises the personnel of the enemy."

"And it is even more so with the submarine. Do you think a French war-ship would enter Dover Harbour if she saw six inches of periscope sticking above the water? Not a bit of it. She would scurry away to the horizon as fast as she could leg it. What are the Admiralty doing with submarines? There were six in last year's Estimates and eleven in this. That is a poor reply to our neighbours across Channel. They understand the potentiality of the craft. You have only to read the statements of M. Pelletan, and M. de Lanessan's 'Programme Maritime,' to be convinced of it. The length of coast-line of Great Britain is just suited to the employment of the submarine."

"But at present the radius of action of the submarine is so limited?" I suggested.

"Not at all. It will figure, you may be certain, in the sea-fights of the future. We will suppose that the enemy's division advances to the attack in the ordinary formation—that is to say, in single file. Six war-ships, each steaming at twenty-two knots, would present a line—ship, blank, ship—of half a mile. What a target for the submarine waiting a thousand yards away to discharge its torpedo! It could hardly miss accounting for at least one battle-ship. And observe that one submarine cannot attack another, even if only fifty yards away, because it has no means of seeing otherwise than by the periscope floating on the surface."

"You can imagine the state of nervous tension of a crew subjected to a danger like this. In the old days the blockading squadron could lie off at night, feeling comparatively safe. But that is so no longer. It is on the *qui vive* the whole of the twenty-four hours. The stokers, upon whom the captain depends for his steam, suffer especially from 'funk.' They are the first to pay forfeit to the submarine, and yet they must be perpetually on the alert for the order, 'Full steam ahead!' That means that all the engine-room ratings are on duty. No body of men can experience this continual strain without breaking down."

"What is the remedy?"

"The remedy is more machinery. 'Oh, but,' say the Admiralty, 'the machine breaks down.' I reply, 'Quite true; but not half as much as the man behind it. You want 'electrics' everywhere to do all the mechanical work of the ship. More especially you want to revolutionise the stoking arrangements."

"How can you do that?"

"The Russians have taught us how: they use oil fuel. That is the solution of the difficulty. Then, instead of having a stokehold full of perspiring and terror-stricken stokers, you would have half-a-dozen men calmly turning on taps, which feed the oil directly into the flame. Not only would it relieve your lower decks, but it would enable you to put more men into the gun-crews on top. These are some of the things the country should insist on."

"How do you propose to awaken the country?"

"Ah! that is the point. I do not believe in the sandwich-man. You should send more sailors to Parliament. It is all very well to talk of Fiscal policy; but if you think imperially, as Mr. Chamberlain tells us to, you will think in battle-ships also. Happily, the Committee on War Office Reform has realised this. You must have an army co-ordinated to the fleet. Luckily for us reformers, a member can no longer be called to order by the Speaker for touching on the Army when discussing the Navy Vote. The two are now admitted to belong to the same subject."

The Naval Reformer stopped a moment in the flight of his eloquence, and relit his cigar. "But a stronger Navy means increased expenditure," I said, with one hand, as it were, on the pulse of the taxpayer.

"Of course it does," returned my mentor. "I admit you cannot go on indefinitely adding to the Income Tax. But it is as certain as the rising of the sun tomorrow morning that if we adhere to our principle of a Navy as strong as that of any two Powers, we must go on spending; we must be prepared to make sacrifices. When Russia builds a ship we must build a ship, and something more."

"That means?"

"Readjustment of expenditure. Yes, Sir, that is the solution: Readjustment," and he spelled the word out slowly and solemnly.

THE KING AND LEGAL EDUCATION: THE OPENING OF THE NEW LAW INSTITUTE WING.

DRAWN BY S. BREGG.



Princess Victoria.

Queen.

King.

President.

KING EDWARD REPLYING TO THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The Incorporated Law Society on March 23 welcomed the King at the Institute in Chancery Lane, where his Majesty opened and inspected the new buildings. The King in his speech referred to his interest in legal education, which would be greatly facilitated by the new accommodation of the Society, with its examination-hall, lecture-rooms, and library.

THE "SPECIAL WAR EDITION" IN TOKIO: JAPANESE JOURNALISTIC METHODS.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



NEWSVENDORS WAITING FOR THE "WAR SPECIAL" OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF THE "JIJI SHIMPO," THE PRINCIPAL NEWSPAPER IN JAPAN.

MR. MELTON PRIOR writes: "The excitement outside the offices of the 'Jiji Shimpo' is very great when news from the front is expected; and when it does arrive 'Specials' are issued. At such times there is a mad rush to obtain copies by the newsmen and boys, who then run about the town selling and delivering the slips. Some of these vendors carry bells in their hands, while others have three or four fastened to their clothing or round the waist. In my sketch an important piece of news is just being issued, and the shrieking and yelling and ringing of bells is extraordinary."

DIFFICULTIES OF ARTILLERY TRANSPORT IN MANCHURIA: A BATTERY IN TROUBLE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



R. Caton Woodville
1904

A MISCALCULATION OF BEARING-STRENGTH: A GUN AND GUN-TEAM OVERWHELMED IN BROKEN ICE.

"AS EACH GUN SPREAD A DEATH-SHADE ROUND THE SHIPS, LIKE THE HURRICANE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN"

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF A NAVAL ACTION, AND A SKETCH SUPPLIED BY MR. ERNEST MEASON.

JAPANESE SHIPS.

"VARIAG" ON FIRE ATT.

ROUND ISLAND AND LIGHTHOUSE.

"KORIETZ" BLOWN UP.

ROSE ISLAND.



THE BLOWING UP OF THE "KORIETZ" AND DESTRUCTION OF THE "VARIAG" AT CHEMULPO DURING THE ACTION OF FEBRUARY 9.

TAKING THE MIKADO'S "SHILLING": A JAPANESE RECRUITING INCIDENT.

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NEW RECRUTTS FOLLOWING A SERGEANT TO THE RENDEZVOUS AT TOKIO AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF WAR.

THE RED CROSS IN JAPAN: NURSES FOR THE FRONT.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



*The Nurses of the Red Cross in Japan on their way to the front—
Marching to the Railway Station - Tokio.*

A MERCIFUL WESTERN INSTITUTION IMITATED BY JAPAN: TRAINED NURSES LEAVING TOKIO FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "The other day a company of nurses passed me on their way to the station en route for the front. They marched just like soldiers—in step and with swinging arms. Their cap is white calico with a red cross in front, and a rolled-up cloak was swung over the left shoulder. They had rather short, pleated black dresses, and boots and white gloves. They looked very workwomanlike, and thoroughly trained for business."

UNDER JAPANESE SHELL-FIRE: THE "TSAREVITCH" AT BAY.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE "TSAREVITCH."

Japanese Fleet on Horizon.

The "Tsarevitch's" Small Guns here Silent; Officer on Look-Out.



Russian Flag-Ship "Poltava" Advancing to the Rescue.

THE ATTEMPTED DESTRUCTION OF THE DAMAGED "TSAREVITCH" BY THE JAPANESE FLEET DURING THE BATTLE OF FEBRUARY 9 AT PORT ARTHUR.

It will be remembered that the "Tsarevitch" was one of the Russian vessels torpedoed during the first attack on Port Arthur.

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ART NOTES.

Mr. Sargent, R.A., has given lately a great deal of time to the Boston Public Library decorations in progress at his Fulham Road studio; but his studios in Tite Street, where he paints his portraits, are, nevertheless, well furnished with canvases for exhibition in the spring. One large picture is reminiscent of the Coronation; for it shows Lord Londonderry in his robes, with an attendant page as train-bearer. Other portraits are of Lady Lathom, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Mrs. Hugh Smith. Mr. Sargent hopes also to borrow from America, for exhibition in England, some of the portraits he painted during his recent stay in the United States.

Mr. Charles Conder, the most recent English painter to be honoured by the Luxembourg Gallery's purchase, has always been as well known and appreciated in Paris as in London. Here his works have for many years been shown at the exhibitions of the New English Art Club; and it was only by the delightful one-man show of his Venetian pictures, held a few months ago, that Mr. Conder compensated us for his recent absence from the Dudley Gallery. Although of late he has proved himself to be a master of oil-painting, he is best known by his most delicate art of painting on silk, for the decoration of fans and panels. An understanding of the subtle harmonies of colour no less than those of line, together with a well-defined and original convention in whatever medium he uses, are the qualities that easily place Mr. Conder among the most interesting artists of the day.

Sir William Richmond is only one of the many artists of our time who have shown an interest in public affairs; but he stands alone as a Royal Academician who is also a County Councillor. Velasquez

was not only a Court painter; he was a Master of the Palace, advising Philip IV. about its decorations and renovations. Sir William Richmond's duties need not be so very different from those of "the Spaniard," though they are more democratically planned. The County Council has more patronage to bestow among decorators in a year than had Philip in a lifetime; and

our streets, would gain by a clearer atmosphere. Sir William Richmond is now in the field to wage war on the uncontrolled chimney; and every lover of London will wish him well in his arduous campaign.

Mr. Von Herkomer's absence from England makes a break this year in the long series of agreeable private views he has given on the show-Sundays of the past thirty years. Exhibitions scatter the work of the year; and the discontinuance of the private view gives pause to the annual wonder hitherto provoked by the studioful of pictures, which bear witness to the dexterity and industry of a single painter in twelve months.

Mr. Abbey, whose Coronation picture has kept him very fully occupied during the past few months, hopes shortly to take in hand the panel he has been commissioned to fill at the Royal Exchange.

The promised publication of Mr. Clausen's lectures, delivered in the winter in the lecture-room of the Royal Academy, will put students in possession of a very useful volume of instructions and reflections. Mr. Clausen's words lost little or nothing of their effect by the obvious fact that they were spoken by a painter, and not by a habitual teacher. The first of the course was the least suggestive, but a very brief practice enabled the painter to convey his meaning with ease. W. M.



AFTER AN ADVENTUROUS FOUR-MONTHS' CRUISE: THE ARRIVAL OF THE FLOATING DOCK
AT THE ENTRANCE TO DURBAN HARBOUR.

The floating dock here depicted was built on the Tyne. A former dock destined for South Africa was wrecked on its arrival at the Cape.

we may well hope that when these things are going through in Spring Gardens, Sir William may be at hand to advise. The climate of England—the great enemy of the artist—is beyond even County Council remedies; but the fog nuisance of London can be abated by regulations about the consumption of smoke; and every artist, and everybody who looks at art-work, and every statue in

razor may take comfort in the shaving-machine, which solves the problem of the right angle at which to hold the instrument. The Wilkinson Safety Shaver, manufactured by the Wilkinson Sword Company, is a most ingenious and elegant contrivance, and with its adjunct, the clever stropping-machine, makes shaving a luxury.

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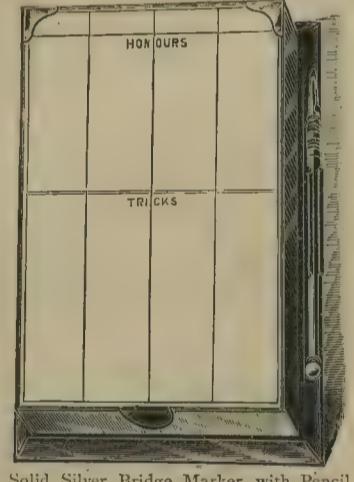
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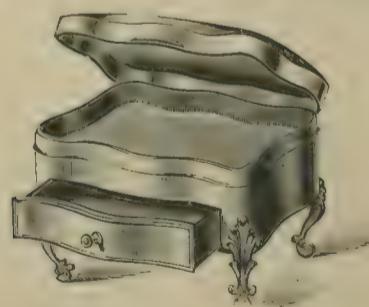


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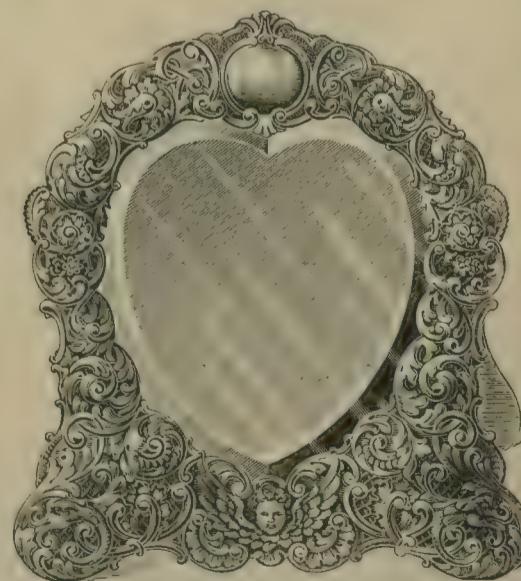


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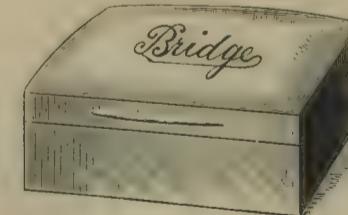
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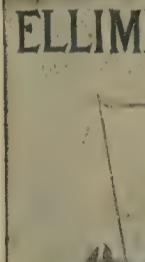
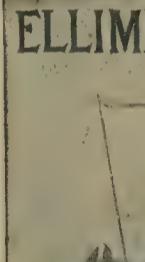
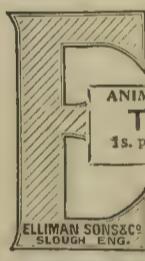
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LADIES' PAGES.

In June next, the International Council of Women, which met last in London, under Lady Aberdeen's presidency, in 1899, will hold its quinquennial Congress at Berlin. The president at this time is a well-known and very able American woman, Mrs. Wright Sewall, and the American newspapers have been announcing that the Berlin Congress is to be under the direct patronage of the German Empress. This is, however, contradicted by the Chairman of the German Committee of Arrangements. It was hardly a probable idea, certainly, for though the "Council" is largely composed of the more conservative women of the various nations, the very fact that they meet to make public addresses on all sorts of subjects will put them outside the classification of the German Emperor as to the proper interests of their sex. His Imperial Majesty has announced that, in his view, the subjects suitably included in woman's sphere are only "the three K's"—or, as it would be in English, the three C's—"Church, Children, and Cooking." It may be doubted even if he would allow the Empress to sanction a Congress upon merely these feminine topics. However, there is a pretty story which bears on the point, told by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who was one of the Kaiser's bovish playmates, and has remained ever since on friendly terms with the ruler of Germany. Mr. Bigelow had been making a river trip in his canoe, and on his showing the little craft to the Emperor, the latter expressed himself delighted with it, and added: "My boys shall learn to canoe at once." Later in the day the Empress came to see the boat, and Mr. Bigelow informed her that her children were to learn to paddle it. "Oh, no!" said her Majesty, "I think it is too dangerous for children; my boys are not going in such a slight thing." "But the Kaiser has already said that they shall learn to use it," observed Mr. Bigelow. The Kaiserin looked at her husband with the sweetest of smiles, and replied: "Ah, he is the German Emperor, but I am Emperor of my nursery!" And the mighty Kaiser did not contradict his wife.

There is often a considerable difference between theory and practice in this matter. The first native woman physician in China (a near relative of Li-Hung-Chang) who left her own country to be educated in modern science, told to some white women the following little tale, which, she says, is a well-known Chinese apologue: Three hen-pecked husbands were sitting in the tavern, and all were boasting of their own domestic predominance. A wag, overhearing them, put his head in and said: "The three honourable sisters-in-law" (the polite way of referring to a man's wife) "are coming down the street." Instantly two of the husbands arose and ran, but the third sat still. When the others found



A RECENT DESIGN IN GREY.

that they had been tricked they returned, and proceeded to congratulate the third on his courage. But he made no answer: he had died of the fright! Certainly there is nothing recorded in history so very strange as the absolute power, surviving all shocks and outliving all early supporters, of the Dowager Empress of China in a country where the very religion declares that "As Heaven is to a man, so is he himself to his wife." Doubtless the Empress's power rests partly on the steadfast support that she gives to old and established institutions. The Burmese have a deity named "The God of Things-as-they-are"; and this cult is everywhere powerful, and nowhere so much followed as in China. But then, on the other hand, there is a Chinese proverb: "That which we call 'the spirit of the age' our fathers called 'the end of the world.'" Strange people, with such a Radical proverb to contradict such a Conservative way of life, and with a woman accepted for more than a generation as absolute ruler to serve as a comment on their theories about her sex's place and capacity!

Now that the Transvaal labour question has been settled by the order permitting the introduction of Chinese labour into the diamond-mines, will the price of the precious gems become at all lower? That diamonds will not become very much cheaper, however large may be the quantity in the mines, is secured for the present by an agreement between the chief mine-owners of South Africa. Nevertheless, supply and demand do affect prices, here as well as elsewhere; and the cost of precious stones has fluctuated greatly within the memory of living dealers, speaking both of diamonds and other gems of value. One reason why there is no immediate prospect of a reduction in the price of splendid jewels is that there is a strike at present going on among the diamond-cutters of Amsterdam. They form a very strong and close trade union, and are now on strike to prevent the introduction of a large number of new apprentices into their trade. Diamond-cutting would be very suitable work for women; but the men succeeded in crushing an attempt that was made to introduce female learners several years ago. Diamonds, however, are by no means the most costly stones at present. Emeralds hold that distinction; but close up to them are rubies and pearls. All of these gems have enormously increased in value within living memory.

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When Beauty speaks the world listens with attentive ear, especially when Beauty speaks of beauty, and the methods by which it may be obtained. Then Beauty's lightest word takes on the authority of law, for every woman naturally desires to enhance whatever charms she possesses; and even men are not backward in that regard, for a proper self-respect makes men and women agree in their desire to appear at all times to the best advantage. Men and women alike agree in endorsing the scientific claim made for the dentifrice Odol, that it is the best preparation for cleansing mouth and teeth which has ever been produced. It prevents decay and keeps the teeth white and bright. It refreshes the mouth and endows the breath with a delightful fragrancy, so that the most refined and fastidious men and women delight in its flavour.

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YOUR PIANO.

to the wearer by sheer magnetic attraction when viewed from a short distance away. Thus are hung most of the really charming pendants made by the Parisian Diamond Company, some of which are in the form of the single stone "La Vallière" so popular at present, and others in the combination of enamel with precious stones that is the latest development of the jeweller's skill, the famous "Nouveau Art." No real gem-work exceeds in beauty of design and perfection of finish that which is turned out by this company; and not only their pearls and diamonds, but their rubies and emeralds also, are magnificent copies of the real gems. The emerald earrings are particularly successful, and earrings are now very fashionable. Nearly every woman who owns jewels wears earrings, and often quite long ones, when fully *parée*, whether by day or in the evening, but especially at night. The stones and designs of the Parisian Diamond Company's production are entirely unlike the ordinary "imitation jewellery," and should be bought in preparation for the season's festivities, at which a great quantity and variety of gem-work will be worn. The company's places are 143, Regent Street, 85, New Bond Street, 37 and 43, Burlington Arcade. An elaborate *parure* is to be obtained at any of these addresses, as well as small and simple but exquisite trinkets, and any of the company's productions may be fearlessly mixed with real jewels.

One of the worst displays of ingratitude in the world is when a man complains of the inconvenience of spring cleaning! The upset and labour to the housewife, who must live in the midst of it, is serious. But the house-proud woman feels compensated for it all as she enjoys the result that she sees and feels from her labours. An adjunct to the annual renovating of the home that is very useful, and, in fact, fills a place where it has no rival, is the well-known Aspinall's enamel. It is easily applied, is manufactured in delicate as well as in the stronger colours, and makes fresh and ornamental pieces of furniture that would otherwise be hopelessly shabby. The special bath enamel, too, is invaluable.

As to smart spring gowns, "Early Victorian" is all the cry. It still looks queer—as all things perfectly novel must do—to see skirts trimmed round near the knees with wide rows of gaugings; or decorated with tightly set narrow frill after frill of pinked-out taffetas, intervals being left between them; or adorned with rows of stiff box-pleating of the material itself. Such a stock needs to be built in a material that suits it, too; a shot-silk, or a pale-grey check taffetas, or a printed silk with floral sprigs upon it of a deeper and brighter colour



A GOWN OF CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

than the ground, or some such stuff that combines with the "feeling" of the make-up in question. For more ordinary wear we shall be faithful to the smart little coat and skirt harmonising in both material and construction. These coats are still bloused in front: the fashion is too sensible to be allowed to depart. At the same time, the fitting coat with a basque has great recommendations to young women who are naturally gifted with good, slender figures.

A compromise may be said to be effected by the deep and shaped waistbelt that so often appears just under the edge of the little coat. It allows of the waistline being distinctly kept, and yet it does not require the smallest pinching-in of the breathing apparatus—a point the importance of which women are showing that they appreciate in these golf, hockey, and tennis-playing days. The flat-fronted skirt is a different idea; it is not Early Victorian at all, but it fearlessly presents the claims of common-sense, for it is very suitable for a walking-length costume of the tailor variety. "Three-deckers" which have a flat front, and, furthermore, a wide box-pleat down the back of a skirt of walking length, may be worn by short damsels without a qualm; while a flounced skirt unrelieved by these straight lines will make the dumpy figure hopelessly awkward to the eye. Long straight lines are generally graceful in effect; and while the skirt is trimmed round at sides and back, the robing decoration down either side of a flat front will usually be an improvement, as it is certainly fashionable. Tiny frills, very closely pleated, make a good trimming down either side of the tablier, but all sorts of passementeries are also available, and rows of stitching and pretty buttons are used to break any severity of effect in the tailor-gown of the hour.

At a concert given on March 24 at the Hotel Metropole, the Gramophone Company displayed to the utmost advantage the capabilities of their wonderful instrument. The most interesting event of the afternoon was the reproduction of Madame Melba's voice from a record taken recently to send to the great singer's father in Australia. By Madame Melba's special permission the audience was enabled to hear her superb interpretation of an air from "La Traviata" reproduced by the gramophone with remarkable fidelity. As a further test of the perfection of the gramophone, the experiment was made of contrasting the actual voice of the singer with the record of his song. Mr. John Harrison's singing of "My Pretty Jane" was recorded by the instrument in the concert-room, and was immediately faithfully reproduced. The concert thoroughly justified the enterprise of its promoters.

FILOMENA.

A WORLD FAMOUS WOMAN AND HER WORK.

By MRS. JACK MAY.

I HAVE a song to sing, and pray only that the gods will gift my pen to strike the notes of sincerity and conviction. Else were it better I had remained dumb for ever. For my song is of the amazing gift of beauty, the attribute that is said to draw us by a single hair.

And yet—the pause comes quietly—what is Beauty? Well, indeed, can anyone define its identity, once and for ever? I trow not. The infinitely varying qualities of face and figure render a final decision practically impossible. At the best it is a relative matter, albeit every age brings its own peculiar and individual standard. But with white races there has ever been one accepted law: that the skin shall be without blemish—not necessarily pink and white, for the brunette has assuredly claims which cannot be denied—but clear, fresh, firm, guiltless of wrinkles, crow's feet, and the like blemishes.

Such, in brief, was the text of a chat I recently enjoyed with Mrs. Pomeroy—one of those delightful desultory talks that leave one refreshed both in mind and body. An interesting incident of the work this clever woman has made her *métier* in life, and which I confess had not entered into my scheme of admiration, is the fact that there has been founded an admirable branch of work for refined women workers.

Face massage, far from being, as so many imagine, a purely mechanical effort, is almost an inherent sense. And the same holds good in even a greater degree with Electrolysis. In reference to this particular branch of her work, in which she admittedly holds the premier position, it is genuinely delightful to hear Mrs. Pomeroy descant: This is with her, as it should be, a serious matter, and thanks to the most perfect training under medical men and to a thoroughly efficient understanding, she has been able, from her vast experience, to inaugurate many improvements on the old-time methods.

Electrolysis, in fact, under Mrs. Pomeroy's rule, is as perfected a thing as science has been able to attain, while her assistants are all picked women of superior intelligence, and endowed with that most necessary qualification—sympathy. Only those, perhaps, who have experienced the treatment can really appreciate the skilled manipulation necessary; it is, indeed, so nice and delicate as to engender the reflection whether the larger, heavier hand of man was ever destined for the work. But be this as it may, albeit Electrolysis had been in medical use for the removal of superfluous hair long before Mrs. Pomeroy appeared on the scene, yet to her falls the whole credit of having brought this, the only permanent cure, into accepted repute. For, additionally

to a perfect grasp of the subject, she proclaims the importance of patience—infinite, almost illimitable patience—where previous treatments of a perfunctory kind have been resorted to.

There is nothing miraculous about Electrolysis; all is based rather on the clearest, simplest rules of cause

be attacked and put out of all recuperative possibilities. And therein lies Mrs. Pomeroy's frank declaration for patience and her ultimate never-varying successes in the most obstinate cases. However, as this prophetess of Hygeia laughingly points out, obstinate cases, which at present bring grist to her busy mill, will shortly cease to exist, since the ugly matter is now taken in hand in its infancy, and literally nipped in the bud.

How trite and stupid a saying it is that nothing succeeds like success! As a matter of fact, nothing succeeds for any length of time like honesty—honesty and integrity of purpose, thoroughness and fair dealing. Thus the drift of my reflection subsequent to a privileged visit to the laboratory, as Mrs. Pomeroy's unalterable rule is that only the best ingredients that money can buy shall be used for the various emollients employed in her process of preserving the skin.

Prior, however, to the application of any of these, Mrs. Pomeroy preaches a convincing little sermon that all will read—if they are wise—and inwardly digest, in a booklet entitled "Beauty Rules" (a copy of which will be sent, on request, gratis and post free to any part of the world), a sermon embodying the essentials of absolute cleanliness, healthy, nourishing food, exercise, and control of mind—*mens sana in corpore sano*—each theme of which is enlarged upon in turn, and great but frequently neglected truths proclaimed. On the ordinary everyday occurrence of taking a bath, for example, a wealth of light is shown under this illuminative leading, while diet again is dwelt upon on common-sense lines. And ultimately, building on this legitimate foundation, there is attained a skin such as Nature originally destined we should possess.

But prevention is the policy preached throughout. "Come to me early," says Mrs. Pomeroy, "and you will not have to come to me long"—a dictum that mothers who have their daughters' welfare at heart will do well to ponder.

Every kind and quality of skin is taken into due consideration and treated individually.

Although the real pulse of the machine is found at 29, Old Bond Street, London, vibrations of Mrs. Pomeroy's intensely practical and delightfully sympathetic and helpful personality extend to her Branches in Liverpool, at 35, Bold Street; in Dublin, at 39, Grafton Street. At Cape Town, Mrs. Pomeroy is ably represented in her rooms at 10, Duncan's Building; while Johannesburg rejoices in being the latest recruit in a new Branch at 12, Imperial House, Ellof Street.

and effect that a child might understand once the point was explained. As a matter of fact, the visible and disfiguring hair is really the least of the evils. That is easily removed; but there remains the root to

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March 3rd, 1904.

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I am,
Yours faithfully,
EDWARD LLOYD

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- GC 3—2029. Yes, let me like a soldier fall (Wallace).

Monarch, with Tapered Arm and Oak Pedestal, £15.

Send us a postcard—the result will interest you—and we will send Catalogues of Gramophones and Records, and the name and address of the nearest dealer in our Gramophones, Gramophone Records, and genuine Gramophone Needles, sold only in metal boxes with our trade-mark picture "His Master's Voice" on the lid. (No other Needles should ever be used for playing Gramophone Records.)

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CONCENTRATED
300
Gold Medals,
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Cocoa.

"The Most Perfect Form of Cocoa."
—Guy's Hospital Gazette.

THE CELTIC REVIVAL.

The Celtic spirit, which is said to be the mainspring of all that is worthiest in our literature, had, of course, its expression in art as well, and there are not wanting enthusiasts to foster its revival. At the Grafton Galleries there is at present a remarkable exhibition of the art of the Celt in ornamentation. We illustrate some examples of Celtic designs in modern rough pottery, which lends itself admirably to garden decoration. The work has been carried out in porous red clay. The terrace and steps here depicted may, if desired, be built up as a continuous work. Exhibitors owe much to the aid and advice of Mrs. G. F. Watts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Great Eastern Railway announces that, in addition to the tourist, fortnightly, and Thursday, Friday, or Saturday to Monday or Tuesday tickets to the East Coast and the Norfolk Broads districts, which are issued from Liverpool Street and other London and suburban stations, there will be special excursion bookings on Thursday, March 31, from London (Liverpool Street and suburban stations) to all the principal stations in the Eastern Counties; also by the Cathedral route to the principal towns in Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire,



THE CELTIC REVIVAL: CERAMIC ART AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

North-Eastern District, and Scotland. Tickets can be obtained in advance at Liverpool Street Station, at the Great Eastern West-End Ticket and Inquiry Office, 12a, Regent Street, and at the company's City and West-End booking-offices.

The Great Eastern Railway Company announces that from and after July 1 its ordinary return tickets for distances over twenty miles will be available for six months, instead of the present period of one month. Return tickets for distances under twenty miles will be available as at present.

The 1904 catalogue of the Raleigh Cycle Company consists of fifty-two pages, and contains illustrations of all the models made by the firm, also illustrations of the works and workshops, and of many of the Raleigh specialities.

International Plasmon, Limited, have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax, for the half-year ending Dec. 31, 1903.

The Royal National Life-Boat Institution has concluded another year of excellent work. The Annual Report shows that the life-boats alone have saved 572 lives, and the society has in other ways been instrumental in many rescues. The public cannot too heartily support this admirable organisation.

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Whisky.



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1878), with a codicil (dated Aug. 21, 1901), of his Highness Prince Hermann Bernhard George of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach, Duke of Saxony, who died on Aug. 31, 1901, was proved on March 12 by William Holmes, the lawful attorney for Prince Ernst of Saxe-Weimar, the son, the value of the estate being £43,797. His Highness gives an annuity to his valet, Mayer, and his son Prince Ernst is to determine what allowances and legacies are to be given to other persons and societies. He appointed as his heirs his children, the Dowager Hereditary Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, Prince William, Prince Bernhard, Prince Ernst, Princess Olga, and Prince Alexander.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of the county of Wigton, of the general disposition and settlement of John Hamilton Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, of Lochinch Castle, near Stranraer, who died on Dec. 3, granted to John Hew North Gustave Henry Hamilton, Earl of Stair, the son, the executor nominate, was resealed in London on March 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £154,593.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1902), with three codicils (dated May 7, Aug. 13, and Sept. 13 following) of Mr. Richard Cory, of Langdon Court, Devon, and 3, Eliot Terrace, Plymouth, who died on Jan. 19, was proved on March 17

by Richard Wallis Cory, the son, Francis Feodor Wynne Hawker, and John Fenwick Fenwick, the executors, the value of the estate being £385,588. The testator confirms the marriage settlements of his daughters Mary Bray Jarvis, Julia Bray Yonge, Edith Maria Liardet, and Elizabeth Buchan, and gives, upon trust for each of them, £5000; and, in trust, for each of his daughters Bessy and Edith £7500; and on the decease of their mother a further sum of £10,000 for each of his first four daughters, and £7500 each for his daughters Bessy and Edith. He also gives the South Wembury estate, his residence, 3, Eliot Terrace, part of the household furniture and effects, £3000, and an annuity of £3500 to his wife, Mrs. Bessie Frances Cory; and £200 each to John Fenwick Fenwick, Francis Feodor Wynne Hawker, and Henry John Shephard Liddell. All other his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated June 2, 1892) of Mr. Edwin Robinson Merrill, of Longlands Lees, Haworth, Yorkshire, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on March 17 by Mrs. Mary Merrill, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £146,542. The testator leaves £1000 to his wife; and during her life or widowhood £200 per annum each to his children on their attaining twenty-one years of age, and £400 on their reaching twenty-five. Subject thereto he leaves all his property, in trust, to pay the income thereof to Mrs. Merrill while she remains his widow, or £200 per annum should she again marry;

and on her decease or remarriage to his children in equal shares.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff Court of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated March 14, 1901), with a codicil (of Jan. 15, 1903), of Mr. Alexander George Pirie, of 26, Queen's Gate, S.W.; Lecknelm, Ross, and Stoneywood House, Bucksburn, Aberdeen, who died on Jan. 13, granted to Mrs. Barbara Hill Pirie, the widow, Francis David Pirie and George Lawrence Pirie, the sons, and the Hon. Cyril Russell, the accepting executors nominate, was resealed in London on March 15, the value of the personal property in England and Scotland being £140,719.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1898), with a codicil (dated July 20, 1901), of John Thomas, Marquess of Sligo, of Westport House, Westport, Mayo, who died on Dec. 30, was proved on March 10 by Henry Ullick, now Marquess of Sligo, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £120,600. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Mayo Protestant Orphan Society; £1000 to the representative body of the Church of Ireland for a parochial endowment fund for the parish of Westport; £100 and his wines and spirits to his brother; £200 to William Davidson; £100 to his valet, John McDonald; £60 to his housekeeper; the income from £3000 Great Western Railway Stock to his sister, Hester Georgina Carew; and £5000 each to his nephews

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and nieces, Arthur, Terence, Alfred Eden, Mrs. Florence Beresford, Norah Browne, and Mrs. Edith Charles. All his Midland Railway Stock and the residue of his personal property he leaves, in trust, for his brother, Henry Ulick, for life, then for his nephew George Ulick, for his life, and then for the person who shall be Marquess of Sligo.

The will and codicil (both dated Oct. 13, 1903) of Mr. Melville Portal, formerly M.P. for North Hants, of Laverstoke House, Laverstoke, Hants, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on March 11 by Montagu George Knight, the nephew, and Richard Francis Nicholson, the executors, the value of the estate being £82,921. He appoints £7000 each, part of the funds of his marriage settlement, to his daughters Ethel Mary Portal and Katherine Charlotte Scott; £3000 to his daughter Adela Harriet Codrington; and two thirds of the remainder thereof to his daughter Ethel Mary; and one third to his daughter Katherine Charlotte. He gives a policy of insurance to his daughter Mrs. Codrington; £100 to Frederick Charles Harris; £300 to Sidney Scamell; £100 each to his executors; the household effects to his brother Sir

Wyndham Portal; and legacies to servants. The Lyre clock made by Spencer, eighth Earl of Northampton, the family pictures, prints, silver, etc., the books relating to the Portal family, and other articles are to devolve as heirlooms, and be held, in trust, for his brother Sir Wyndham Portal for life, and then for the person who shall succeed to the settled family estates. All other his property he leaves as to two thirds to his daughter Ethel Mary, and one third to his daughter Katherine Charlotte.

The will (dated March 27, 1901) of Mr. Alfred Brown, of 97, Alexandra Road, South Hampstead, who died on Feb. 13, was proved on March 15 by Mrs. Maria Louisa Brown, the widow, the Rev. George Gilbert Brown, Samuel Brown, and Stanley Marsh Brown, the sons, the value of the estate being £62,243. The testator bequeaths £250, his leasehold residence with the contents, except money and securities, and an annuity of £1000 to his wife; and £100 each to his sons-in-law Alfred Brown, William Edward Ernest James, and Albert Naylor Smith. The residue of his property he leaves to his seven children, George Gilbert, Samuel, Stanley Marsh, Herbert Alfred, Mrs. Louisa Maria

Brown, Mrs. Grace Marion James, and Mrs. Ethel Mary Smith.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1904) of Mr. Barrow Emanuel, of 147, Harley Street, W., who died on Feb. 14, was proved on March 19 by Laurie Magnus and Frederic Samuel Franklin, the nephews, the value of the estate being £57,855. The testator gives £7000 each to his nephews Laurie Magnus and Leonard Arthur Magnus; £7000, in trust, for his sister Katie Magnus for life and then for his niece Lucy Amy Franklin; £1000 each to his nephews Leonard Herbert and Willie Emanuel; £1000 to his niece Lizzie Gubbay; £500, the goodwill of his business of an architect, and the leasehold premises, 2, Finsbury Circus, to Henry Charles Smart; £200 to his brother-in-law Sir Philip Magnus; £100 to the Savage Club for the purpose of some useful ornament in remembrance of the many pleasant hours he spent there; £300 to the Jewish Board of Guardians; £100 to the London Hospital; £100 each to the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum and the Jewish Home; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Laurie Magnus.

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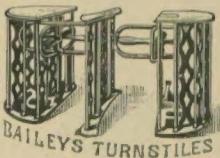
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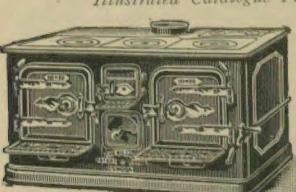


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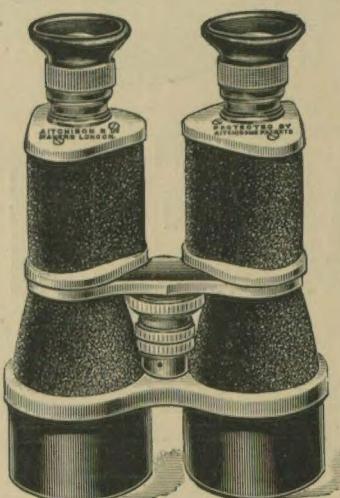


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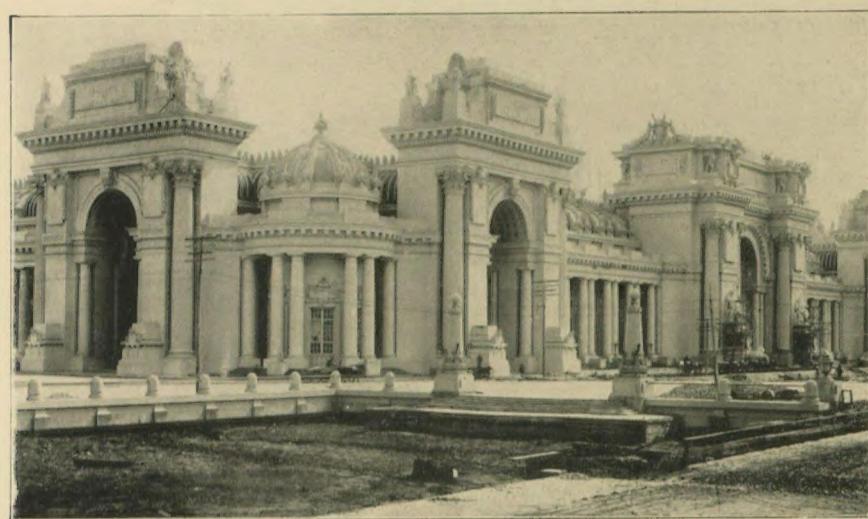
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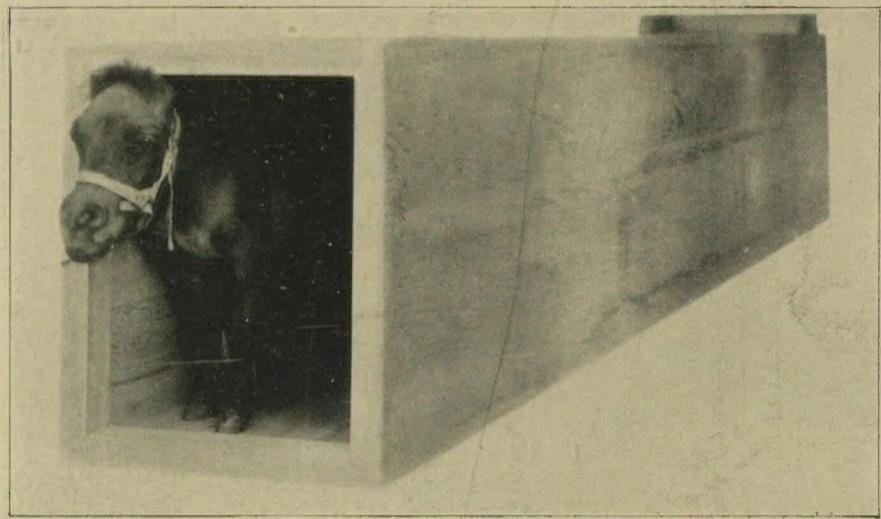
A Japanese spy before a Russian court-martial, held in a Manchurian temple.

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